





The
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Song Book

Edition of 1887 revised and enlarged in 1918
by James Edmund Jones, B.A.



"Foras et hæc alium meminisse juvabit."

Bound in Paper, - \$1.25
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TORONTO
W. R. DRAPER, MUSIC PRINTER

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PREFACE

THE accompanying work, compiled and edited by a Committee of Graduates and Undergraduates of the University of Toronto, is offered to the University public and to the musical world as a comprehensive, and, in many respects, a unique collection of College Songs.

Its design is two-fold,—to meet the requirements of the University College Glee Club and the undergraduate body, and to be a suitable collection for use in the drawing-room and around the camp-fire.

All the music in the book has been carefully edited by Mr. Theodore Martens, of whose thorough and painstaking services the Committee desire to make special mention. Wherever necessary or desirable, songs have been re-harmonized, transposed or arranged for male voices, and,—a special feature of the work—nearly all choruses have been arranged with parts suitable for college and general use. Great economy in the disposal of space, and the almost entire use of the short score, have made it possible to include an unusually large number of songs. Among them will of course be found many, original, or peculiar to the University of Toronto, that have never before appeared in any permanent or accessible form. Numerous songs, for which translations have been specially written, will be particularly serviceable and acceptable. To give added interest to the collection and greater permanence to its value, a large amount of standard music has been included, while many valuable copyright songs have been purchased, or are used by special permission.

The Committee desire to express their cordial thanks to the President and Faculty, to the Graduates and Undergraduates, and to many others less intimately connected with the College, for the assistance generously afforded them in the prosecution of their work.

For permission to reprint certain copyright songs, the Committee and the Publishers acknowledge their obligations to John Farmer, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford; to Messrs. Chappell & Co., Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., Mr. Edwin Ashdown, Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., and Mr. John Blockley, of London, England; and to Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, of Toronto.

The Compilation Committee and the Publishers, Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, have made every endeavour to discover the authors and owners of all songs in the work. Should any cases have eluded their vigilance, the Publishers ask the kind indulgence of those whose permission would gladly have been sought.



ALMOST thirty years ago a group of young fellows, undergraduate students of University College, Toronto, took it into their heads to publish a book of college songs. There was a University Glee Club in those days, flourishing intermittently. There was a comparatively small body of students. For the boys concerned, the venture was somewhat daring. Music publishing was in its very callow infancy in Canada. There were only two music typesetters in Toronto; their maximum output was a page a day. Canadian publications, of whatever kind, found it hard to get recognition. However, a publisher was discovered who professed his faith in the idea—a flickering faith, qualified by a demand for a guarantee of at least one thousand subscriptions in advance. The project took form, enthusiasm developed, the one thousand subscribers—and more—were gathered in, a contract was signed by those of the group who were of years enough to sign it, and the work was fairly under way.

The months that followed are a pleasant memory. The group of editors met in almost daily session, sifting over an immense quantity of song material, drawn from all available sources. The work to be done in such a case is very great—incredible by those who have had no experience of it. The nugget emerging seems a small return from the mass that goes into the melting pot. But the task was carried out with care and conscience, and the result seemed to show that choice was made with a true instinct for the right things in words and music. The book sprang into instant favour among the students, and became very popular throughout the Dominion. Over forty thousand copies were sold—a “record” for those days. It was altogether a labour of love on the part of the compilers. None of them received, or expected, any money reward. The royalties, such as they were, were devoted to the purposes of the University College Glee Club while it lived, and, in more recent days, to the free distribution of a *Soldiers’ Song Book* to men of the Canadian Overseas Forces.

It was fitting that the book should be dedicated to the venerable President, Sir Daniel Wilson, who took a deep interest in this undertaking of his students; and fitting also were the words from Cowley in which the dedication was made:

“Nor can the snow that age can shed
Upon thy reverend head
Quench or allay the noble fire within;
But all that youth can be, thou art.”

Nearly all of the songs then chosen are still popular, and successive generations of students sing them yet. The old book forms the nucleus of the present collection. But there is much added material. Mr. J. E. Jones (who was the first to plan and the most eager to execute the original undertaking in 1887, and who has kept a keen interest in boys and young men, their songs and doings, ever since), has edited it with the same care as was given to the first collection, calling to his aid the youth and enthusiasm of a committee of present day students, Messrs. Roland B. Ferris, Herbert Turney and Grenville B. Frost. Some of the old songs have been omitted as having lost their savour.

Though it is not yet "Forty Years On," the days are upon us (suddenly, as it seems),

"When we look back and forgetfully wonder
What we were like in our work and our play."

The original committee has been disbanded. It no longer controls the publication. One of its members died some years ago. Another, Major-General M. S. Mercer, C.B., who has been much in our minds and hearts during these troublous years of the Great War, has fallen in his country's cause in Flanders, after chivalrous, heroic and effective service. Others—in law, in the church, in journalism, in business life—find little leisure for song or even for reminiscence. But for old times' sake, and in remembrance of the launching of that early venture, the surviving members may be allowed to bespeak a friendly reception for this new work, built upon their undertaking of years ago.

J. D. S.

Toronto, January, 1918

COMMITTEE OF 1887

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TORONTO UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

National and Patriotic.

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gra-cious King Long live our no-ble King

God save the King Send him vic-to-ri-ous, Hap-py and

glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the King

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

AMERICA.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

(MIXED VOICES.)

Mazatoso.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor-tal

4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

AMERICA

fa there died, Land of the Pil-grim's pride, From ev - ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring,
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove,
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long,
 land be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light, Pro-TECT us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

MAY GOD PRESERVE THEE, CANADA.

Moderato.

R. S. AMERSON.

1. May God pre-serve thee, Ca - na - da, Tho' child a-mong the
 2. Though we may ne-ver read the page, That tells thy deeds of
 2. In spring - tide flush, thro' sum-mer's glow When au-tumn winds are

Na-tions, 'Mid prond-est lands, strong hearts and hands shall claim for thee a
 glo-ry, When na-tions now in prime of age, Have with the years grown
 sing-ing, In win-ter's snow, through weal and woe. This song shall still be

CHORUS.

sta-tion, } Land of the for-est and the lake, Land of the rush-ing
 hear-y, }
 ring-ing.

crca
 riv-er, Our prayers shall rise for thy dear sake, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.

GOD PRESERVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

Words and Music by J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.

1. God pre-serve our na-tive land, Fair Can-a-da the free, May
 2. Should for-reign foes our land's threat With de-so-la-tion fall, God
 3. Be pre-sent with our ru-lers, Lord, And all their coun-cils guide; From

His right hand pro-ect our land, And guard her lib-er-ty,
 guard the right and land us might, Th'in-va-der to re-pol-
 knav-ish tricks of pol-i-tics, Turn Thou their hearts a-side.

Then shall each val-ley, each moun-tain and plain,

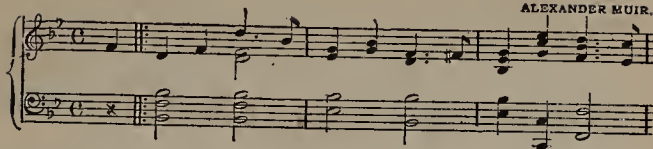
E-cho in oho-rue The glad re-frain-

Can-da, fair Can-da, God's bless-ing rest on thee; May

His right hand pro-ect our land And guard her lib-er-ty.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

ALEXANDER MUIR.



1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lon-dy's Luns, Our brave fa-tiers,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven

he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Can-a-da's fair do-
 side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly
 Nont-ké Sound; May peace for e-ver be our lot, And plen-tious store a-
 sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land e-ver more, And Ire-land's Em-er-said

main, Here may it wave, our boast, our prid, And joined in love to-
 diel; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
 bound; And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not
 lele! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

geth-er, The This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 ne-ver! Our watchword ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 ee-ver, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 qui-ver, God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd TENORS.

1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
 4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God

BASS.

PIANO.

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

O CANADA

Chant National.

Words by HON. JUSTICE ROUTHIER.
Translation by B. MORTON JONES.

C. LAVALLEE,
arr. by T. MARTIN

Maestoso e risoluto

ff

1. O Ca-na-dal Ter-re de nos ai-cux, Ton front est
1. O Ca-na-dal The land our fa-thers found, How bright the
2. Sous l'œil de Dieu, près du fleu-ve gé-ant, Le Ca-na
2. Neath Hea-ven's eye, be-side a migh-ty stream, Great grow thy

mf

ceint de fleu-rons glo-ri-eux! Carton bras sait por-ter l'é
gar-lands on thy fore-head bound! For the sword thine arm hath in
dien gran-dit en es-pé-rant. Il est né d'u-ne ra-ce
sons, as they of great-ness dream. For the race they spring from is

mf

pé-e, Il sait por-ter la croix! Ton his-toire est une é-po-
bat-tle borne, And hath raised the Cross on high; And the po-ets pen finds its
fiè-re, Be-ni fut son ber-ceau. Le ciel a mar-qué sa car-
full of pride, And a blessing hails their birth, And the powers on high have pre-

ff

pé-e Des plus bril-lants ex-ploits. Et ta va-leur,
high-est theme Thy sim-ple his-to-ry. And thy bold hearts,
riè-re Dans ce mon-de nou-veau. Tou-jours gui-dé
par'd their place with the great ones of the earth. And the high faith

O Canada

de foi trem - pé - e, Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy-ers et nos
filled with de - vo - ted faith, Will guard our homes and our lib - er -
par sa lu - miè - re, Il gar - de - ra l'hon - neur de son dra -
that doth in - spire there hearts Counts their flag's hon - or as life's great - est

droits. Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy-ers et nos droits.
ty. Will guard our homes and our lib - er - ty.
peau. Il gar - de - ra l'hon - neur de son dra - peau.
worth. Counts their flag's hon - or as life's great - est worth.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

Words by BURNS.

Arranged for Male Voices by T. M.

1. Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has af - ten led. Wel - come to your
2. Wha will be a trait - or knave? Wha will fill a cow - ard's grave? Wha sac base as
3. By op - pres - sions, woes and pains, By our sons in ser - vile chains, We will drain our

gor - y bed, Or to vic - to - ry. Now's the day and now's the hour.
be a slave? Let him turn and flee. Wha for Scotland's King and law,
dear - est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u - sur - per low.

See the front of bat - tle hour, See ap - proach proud Edward's power, Chain and sla - ve - ry.
Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa', Let him fol - low me.
Ty - rants fall in ev - ry foe, Lib - er - ty's in ev - ry blow, Let us do or die

RULE BRITANNIA.

Maestoso.

ARR. BY THEODORE MARTENS.

Piano.

1. When Brit - ain first, at Heav'n's com - mand, A -
 2. The Na - tions not so blest as thou Must
 3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More
 4. Thee haugh - ty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All

rose..... from out the a - zure main, Arose, arose from out the
 in..... their turns to ty - rants fall; Must in, must in their turns to
 dread - - - ful from each for - eign stroke; More dreadful, dreadful from each
 'their..... attempts to bend thee down All their, all their at-tempts to

a - zure main - This was the Char - ter, the Char - ter of the land, And
 ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, The
 for - eign stroke; As the land.. blast... land blast that tears the skies. Serves
 bend thee down, Will but a - rouse... a - rouse thy gen'rous flame, To

RULE BRITANNIA.

guard - ian An - gels sung this strain. Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri
 dread and en - vy of them all
 but to root thy na - tive Oak
 work their woe and thy re - no-wa.

tan-nia rules the waves For Brit - ons nev - er shall be slaves.

mf *cresc.*

CHORUS.

1st and 2nd. SOPRANO.

Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves, for Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves.

ALTO.

f

5. To thee belong the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine
 All thine shall be the subject main.
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

6. The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
 Blest Isle! with matchless Beauty crown'd
 And many hearts to guard the Fair.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Chorus may be sung in two voices by omitting the second Soprano.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Words by WILLIAM DUTHIE.*

Harmonized for Male Voices by T. M.

Tempo marziale.

1. Men of Har-lech! in th' bol-low, Do ye hear, like rushing bil-low, Wave on wave that
 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Saxon bow-men,—Be they knights or
 2. Rook-y steep-s and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of arrow. Who would think of
 Hurl the reel-ing horse-man ov-er! Let the earth dead foemen cover! Fate of friend, of

sur-ging fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?) Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer
 binds or yemen. They shall bite the ground! death or sorrow? Death is glo-ry now! Strands of life are riv-en; Blow for blow is
 wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow!

un-der! The pla-cid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in
 giv-en In dead-ly lock or bat-tle shock, And mar-cv-bricks to

thun-der. On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us. He is brav-est, he who leads us!
 bea-ven! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, Would you win a name in sto-ry?

Hou-our's self now proud-ly heads us! Cam-bria, God, and Right!
 Strike for home, for life, for glor-y! Cam-bria, God, and Right!

* By permission of Messrs. Novello Ewer & Co., London.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Words by MOORE.

Arranged by BALFE.

1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
 2. The min-strel fel, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

find him; His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp sung be-
 qu-der; The harp he loved ne'er spcke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-

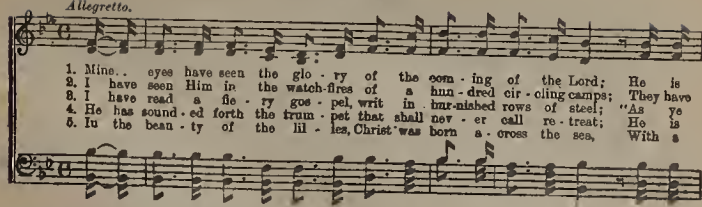
hind him. "Land of song!" said the war-rior hard, "Tho' all the world be-
 ann-der, And said, "No chain shall sni-ly thee, Thou soul of love and

trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp... shall praise thee."
 WAV 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound.. in slav-ry."

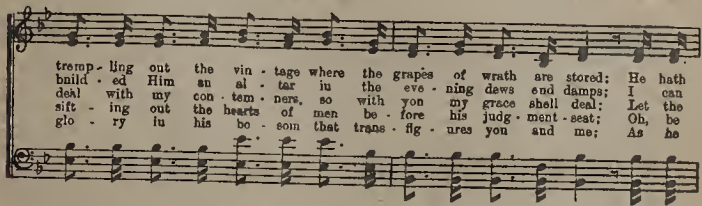
BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

(MIXED VOICES.)

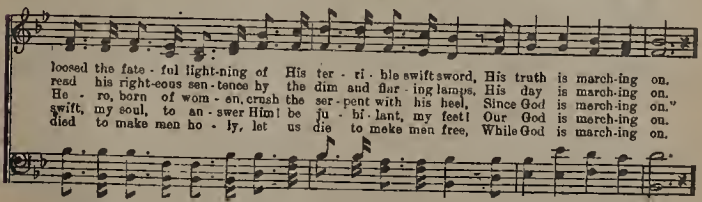
Allegretto.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a glo - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nish'd rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

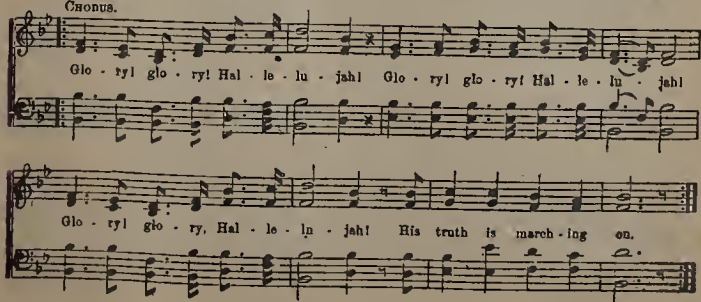


tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with any con - tem - pers, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 glo - ry in his bo - som that be - fore his judg - ment - seat; Oh, be
 trans - fig - ures you and me; As he



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read his right-eous sen - tence by the dim and flur - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of won - en, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

Chorus.

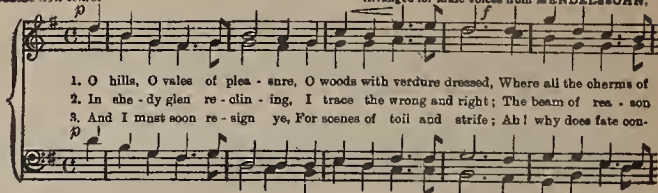


Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

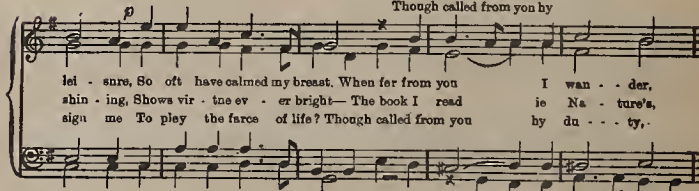
Andante... in lento.

Arranged for Male voices from MENDELSSOHN.



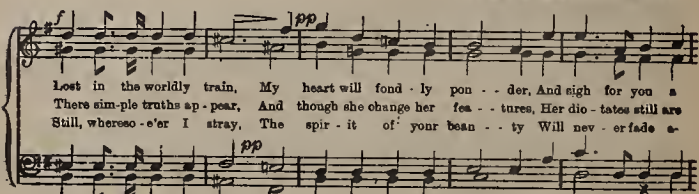
1. O hills, O vales of plea - sure, O woods with verdure dressed, Where all the charms of
2. In she - dy glen re - clin - ing, I trace the wrong and right; The beam of rea - son
3. And I must soon re - sign ye, For scenes of toil and strife; Ah! why does fate con -

When far from you I
The book I read is
Though called from you by



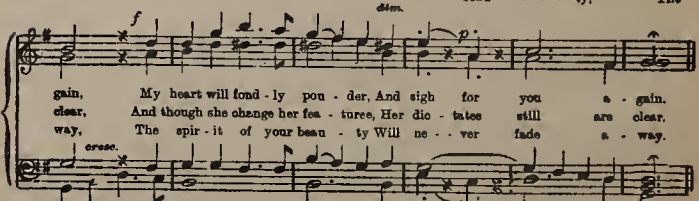
let - sure, So oft have calmed my breast, When far from you I wan - der,
shin - ing, Shows vir - tue ev - er bright— The book I read is Na - ture's,
sign me To play the farce of life? Though called from you by du - ty.

When far from you I wander,
The book I read is Nature's,
Though call'd from you by du - ty



Lost in the worldly train, My heart will fond - ly pon - der, And sigh for you a
There simple truths ap - pear, And though she change her fea - tures, Her dis - tates still are
Still, whereo - e'er I stray, The spir - it of your beau - ty Will nev - er fade a -

pon - - - der, My
fea - - - tures, And
beau - - - ty, The



gain, My heart will fond - ly pon - der, And sigh for you a - gain.
clear, And though she change her fea - tures, Her dis - tates still are clear.
way, The spir - it of your beau - ty Will ne - ver fade a - way.

heart will fond - ly pon - - - der, (1st Bass), sigh, - - - - - for you a - gain.
though she change her fea - - - - - tures, die - - - - - tastes still are clear.
- - - - - ty, so - - - - - ver fade a - way

OLD VOICES.

*The past never comes back; our fancies are but the ideal ghosts of things that were.
—PROF. G. P. YOTER.

Words by W. W. CAMPBELL, '85.
Andante, quasi recitativo.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Voice

Piano

p

I stand on the confines of the

pp

past to-night. The world that is gone be - fore, And in the soft flicker of the fire's dim light, Old

shadows steal be-fore my sight, From its strange and mis - ty shore. And

piu mosso.

mf

by - gone murmurs are in my ears, And sweet lips touch my cheeks, And

OLD VOICES.

mod. cresc.

old, old tunes that no one hears, That steal to me from the sad old years, And

dim.

sweet words that no one speaks.

dim.

p

quasi recitative

But on-ly the rhythm of an old time tune, That steals down the halls of

ppp

time; And comes so soft like the far off rune Of a stream that sleeps thro' the moon, Or a

OLD VOICES.

mf. più mosso

dis - tant evening chime..... And in the si - lence that

mf.

in - ter - venes, Sad voi - ces whis - per low: "Come back once more to the

f

accel. e cresc.

loved old scenes, To the dim old regions of boy-hood's dreams, The sweet world you used to

accel. e cresc.

sf.

know, the sweet world.... you used.... to know.".....

sf.

CHORAL MARCH.

V. E. BECKER.

With spirit.

f

On, gal-lant com-pa-ny, with mea-sured step and song; While cheer-ful

Left, right, strict in time,

songs re-sound, the way is ne-ver long. La la la la la la la la

Left, right, strict in time,

Firm step, close in line,

la la la la la la Straight a-head, nought shall stay Our tri-umphant

Firm step, close in line,

la la la la la la Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,

way; On! *f* La la la la la la la la la la la la

Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,

Love,.....

straight a-head, nought shall stay our glor-ious way. Tra la ra ta. La la

joy... and... mn - - - sic, In - - - vite... us... on.....

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Love, joy, and mn - - - sic, la.

* By permission of EDWIN ARDROW, Haverley Sq., London.

CHORAL MARCH.

ward
 la la Thus in jol-ly com-pa-ny, Wan-der we, light and free, Mak-ing, as we
 vie us....

roam, Each rest-ing-place our home, As we roam, As we roam, As we roam, Ev'ry place our home. FINE

TRIO
 Sop
 Schrum, schrum, schrum, schrum, When we wea-ry are at night, Beams the cheer-ful
 sop
 la la la la la la la

hos-tel light, Quick-ly in, For with-in Good-by cheer a-waits;.....
 la la la la la la la la

Fret-ty maidens whom we meet, Gal-lant-ly we al-ways greet; Ere we part,
 la la la la la la la la la la la la

1st 2nd
 Many a heart Owns their pen-cils sway. Yea, away Hol-la ho! Hol-la
 Hol-la ho!

CHORAL MARCH

ho: We're light and free where'er we go, Hol-la hol hol-la hol We're
Hol-la hol hol-la hol hol-la hol

light and free where'er we go; Love and joy and mn - - -
Love and joy and mn - - sic,

sic are beck' - - - ning us on - - ward,.....
all in-vite us on - - ward, all in-vite us on - - ward. Yes, 'tis

Love and joy and mn - - sic..... all in-vite us
glad - some mn - - sic,

on - - ward, la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

1st 2nd
le la la la la la la la la la la la la, Hol-la la la la

Prize College Song of the University of Toronto.

"TORONTO"
or
The Pride of the North.

Marziale.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Where smiles the lake neath a sky ev - er blue,
2. Where springs the turf on the camp - us so green,—
3. Up with the Blue and the Whits! let them wave

Where blooms the ma - ple tree,— There stands Tor - on - to the
There too, her sons are seen;— Each man - ly sport has a
High o'er the old grey tower;— Forth from its por - tals have

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rall.

Pride of the North, And her chil - dren all are
home in their hearts; And its cham - pions oft they've
stepped, in their might, This Do - min - ion's men of

rall.

a tempo *stacc.*

we. Yes, we are from Ter - on - to, Our Al - ma
heen. Yes, they win for Tor - on - to, With light la -
power. Yes, they come from Tor - on - to, Our no - ble

stacc.

Ma - ter, our moth - er, dear, And proud - ly now we sing her
crosses stick or fly - ing ball; And gai - ly so they'll rush to
states - men, our sol - diers true; And fond - ly each one hails the

rall.

praie - ee, That all may know that her eons are near.
vict - ry, When'er they march at their Coun - try's call.
mem - ry of that dear spot 'neath the White and Blue.

rall.

REFRAIN. *With dignity.*

ff

All Hail to thee! Tor - on - to, — Proud Mis - tress of the North! — With

ff *with dignity.*

rall.

heart and voice we praise thee, As we go march - ing forth.

rall.

Alternative Refrain for male voices. (Air in first Bass.)

ff

All Hail to thee! Tor - on - to, — Proud Mis - tress of the North! — With

ff

rall.

heart and voice we praise thee, As we go — march - ing forth. —

rall.

The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls.

Arranged by THEODORE MARTENS.

Slowly.
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music shed, of music shed,
1st Bass. *Air*
The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music shed,..... Now

that soul were So
hangs as mute on Tara's soul were fled were fled So
hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul were fled, were fled So

sleeps the pride of days..... the thrill is o'er and hearts that
Air sleeps the pride of days hearts.... that
Air
sleeps the pride of former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er.... And
days.....

rit. allarg. assai
once.....once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.....
hearts that once heat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.....
hearts once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more, that pulse no more.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

Air

Mo-e to chiefs and la-dies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells, of Tara swells:
No more to chiefs and la-dies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells:.....The

of ru-in tells

chord a-lone, that breaks ru-in tells, it tells. Thus
chord a-lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru-in tells, it tells. Thus

the throb she gives is when some

Air free-dom now sel-dom When..... some
Air free-dom now sel-dom wikes, The on-ly throb she gives..... Is

heart..... *rit.* *allarg. assai*

heart..... in - dig-nant breaks, To show that still it lives.....
when some heart in - dig-nant breaks, To show that still it lives.....
lives that still it lives.

OLD GRIMES.

Words by A. G. GREENE.

Tune,—"AULD LANG SYNE."

1 Old Grimes is dead, that good old man, We ne'er shall see him more; He used to wear a
2 His heart was o - pen as the day, His feel-ings all were true; His hair was some in -

CHORUS.

long black coat, All but-toned down be - fore. } Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old
alined to gray, He wore it in a queue. }

Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes

3. Where'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane,
From ivory was turned.

4. Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

5. He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

6. Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots,
For thirty years or more.

7. But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

8. He modest merit sought to find,
And give it its desert,
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

9. His neighbors he did not abase,
Was sociable and gay,
He wore nor laces nor rights for shoes,
And changed them every day.

10. His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
He made a noise town-meeting days
As many people do.

11. Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

THE BLUE AND WHITE.

Words by Rev CLARIS EDWIN SILOOX, '03.

Music by CLAYTON E. BUSH, '07.

Arr. by J. D. A. Tripp.

1. Old To - ron - to, moth - er ev - er dear, All thy sons thy ve - ry name re -
 2. Soon our col - lege days will all be past, Du - ty bids us part from friends at

vere Yes, we hail thee, Ne'er will fail thee But will seek thy glo - ry with our might, (yes
 last But we'll se - ver, Trust - ing ev - er Love for 'Var - si - ty may us u - nite (u -

we are) Ev - er loy - al, faith - ful, frank and strong, We will sound thy prais - es in our
 nite us) Then we'll serve the moth - er of us all, And the mer - ry days of youth; re -

song, Aye, and cheer both loud and long, The Roy - al Blue and White.
 call, While, what - ev - er may be - fall, We'll flaunt the Blue and White.

CHORUS.

To - ron - to is our Un - i - ver - si - ty Shout, oh shout, men of ev - ry fac - ul - ty Ve - lut

ar - bor ae - no, May she ev - er thrive O God for - ev - er bless our Al - ma Ma - ter.

LITURIA.

(TORONTO VERSION.)

P. C. WADE, '82.

Allegretto.
S^{LO.}

VOICE

ye bloom-ing fresh-man dons his gown, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum. And

PIANO

DUET.

walks ye earth with awful frown, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum. He sees ye maidens' glances sly,

Swe-de-le-we-tchu-hi-ra-sa, And roll-eth his mag-net-ic eye, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum,

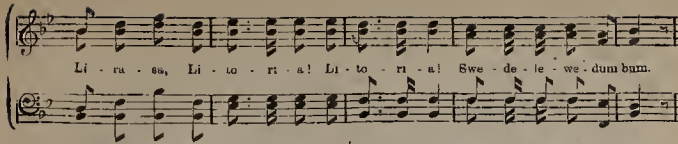
CHORUS.

1ST AND 2ND TENOR.

Li-to-ri-al Li-to-ri-al Swe-de-le-we-tohn

1ST AND 2ND BASS

LITURIA.



1. Ye blooming freshman dons his gown,
And walks ye earth with awful frown.
He sees ye maiden's glances aly,
And rolleth his magnetic eye.
2. He's brought before ye Mufti's throne,
'Mid sulphurous smoke and muffled groan;
'Mid red-hot brands and boiling tar,
He scenteth danger from afar.
3. Ye spikes cut deep, ye race is run,
He rides ye chariot of ye sun.
Ye brake is put on Ixion's wheel,
L'Inferno's inmost caverns reel.
4. Ye ritual he chantereth now,
Dread Lucifer attend his vow;
Ye sounda die 'way, ye ordesa cease,
"Ad initiandos tiranes."
5. As tiniest voice from tiniest star,
Or monkish monotone afar,
Ye freshman's shatteret accents rise,
Ye mask is lifted from his eyes.
6. To 'Varsity men this tale I speak,
For making men and killing cheek.
Stick up for your formalities,
"Ad initiandos tiranes."

THE FRESHMAN'S VERSION.

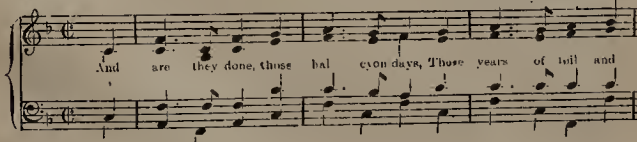
N. H. ROSELL, '87.

1. Ye 'Varsity man has doffed his gown,
He wields a stick, but wears no frown
He sings about ye freshman's cheek,
But on him vengeance we will wreak.
2. L'Inferno's caverns are his hall,
L'Inferno's lord is at his call,
He sits upon l'Inferno's throne,
And thinks he bears ye freshman groan.
3. Ye 'Varsity men assemble 'round,
With silence awful and profound,
And judgment gave in words like these—
"Ad initiandos tiranes."
4. Ye minions scour earth's utmost zone,
And seize ye freshman when alone,
He's brought unto ye 'Varsity cells,
'Mid to taring jeers and miscreant yells.
5. Ye freshmen rise with one accord,
And break ye ranks of that vile horde,
They burst ye 'Varsity's flimsy chain,
And bear ye prisoner back again.
6. To freshmen all "this tale I speak,"
For quelling those who'd fill our cheek,
Down with all informalities,
"Ad conserrandos tiranes."

COMMENCEMENT.

Tune—"Deutsches Weinelein."

Words by President WILSON.



Familiar scenes of rainbow hope
And cordial emulation;
Of matches on the College lawn,
And speeches on the nation!
Of Locke and Hegel, Comte and Kant,
Of Jell upon the Atacama;
Or for a treat, a gruel at Tait's
Dynamics of a Particle!

4. The genial converse, social cheer
Of friendship, true as tender;
With rivals in the generous strife
For Fame, and no surrender
5. Farewell, ye dear old College joys!
'Tis in some novel sense meant
This ending of life's jolliest days,
And calling it Commencement!

O TEMPORA, O MORES.

Translation by W. H. ELLIS '67

Allegretto. SOLO

CHORUS

VOICE

There was a jol-ly fid-dler took a walk a-long the Nile, O
 cropt out of the wa-ter a great big cro-co-dile, O

PIANO

SOLO.

tem-po-ra, O mo-res. There
 tem-po-ra, O mo-res. He thought to make a

tem-po-ra, O mo-res.
 tem-po-ra, O mo-res.

CHORUS

meal of him, O was-n't that a go? O was-n't that a jol-ly lark, O
 O was-n't that a go? O was-n't that a jol-ly lark, O

tem-po-ra, O-ho!... O mu-sic charms the sav-age beast, as we all know.
 tem-po-ra, O-ho!... O mu-sic charms the sav-age beast, as we all know.

O TEMPORA. O MORES.

2. The fiddler draw his fiddle out, I tell you pretty quick,
 O tempora, O mores;
 And straight across his fiddle strings he drew his fiddle-stick.
 O tempora, O mores;
 Allegro, dolce, presto, now wasn't that a go?
 Oh wasn't that a jolly lark, O tempora, Oho;
 Oh music charms the savage beast, as we all know
3. He hadn't played a dozen bars, before the crocodile,
 O tempora, O mores;
 Began to dance a Highland fling beside the ancient Nile,
 O tempora, O mores;
 Then polkas, galops, waltzes, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
4. Then round and round upon the sand they danced like one o'clock,
 O tempora, O mores;
 Until against a pyramid his tail he chanced to knock.
 O tempora, O mores;
 It fell and knocked six others down, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
5. Now when this awkward brute had knocked the pyramids to smash,
 O tempora, O mores;
 The fiddler sought the nearest pub. to try and get some hash,
 O tempora, O mores;
 He called for Bass's Bitter Beer, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
6. A fiddler's throat is like a hole, uncommon hard to fill,
 O tempora, O mores;
 And if he hasn't finished yet, no doubt he's drinking still,
 O tempora, O mores;
 Then let us all drink with him, O won't that be a go? &c.

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro, mf.

VOICE.

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a, one-hors o - pen sleigh, And
 2. A day or two a - go, I thought I'd take a ride,
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young.

PIANO.

O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way: Bells on bob-tail ring, Mia.
 soon Miss Fannie Bright, Was seated by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Two
 Take the girls to night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a hob-tailed bay.

Making spir - its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night;
 fortune seemed his lot; He got in-to a drifted bank, And we, we got up-set,
 for - ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an open sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS.

TENORS *f*
 Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! jingle all the way..... jingle, jingle, jingle
 BASSES
 Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, all the way.....
 PIANO

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh..... Jingle, bells, jingle, bells,
 one-horse open sleigh. Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle.
 PIANO

JINGLE, BELLS

jingle all the way, Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

jingle, jingle, jingle,

jingle all the way, Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

THE BOOTS.

Moderato, mf

VOICER.

1. The festal day has come, And bright-ly beams the morn-ing; The
 2. Come, join in mirth and song, With young hearts fond-ly beat-ing Sip

PIANO.

our peeps forth a-fresh, Our festal day a-dorn-ing. Hurrah! Hurrah! The
 plea-sure while we may, For earth-ly joys are fleet-ing.

CHORUS. In unison.

festal day has come! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The festal day has come

THE BOOTS.

Allegro vivace. f

*Up - see, upsee, tra la la la, Up-see, up-see, tra la la la, Up-see, up-see, tra la la la, The

fes - tal day has come, I hear the boots, the boots, the boots the b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di -

a - vo - lo, the Rob - ber! Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the Rob - ber! I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the

b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di - a - vo - lo the Rob - ber, Coming down the stairs.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace' and the first system is marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score ends with a double bar line.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

Allegro. SOLO. CHORUS

VOICE: 1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal; Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doodle" all the
2. Oh, my Sal she am a..... maid-en fair! Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doodle" all the

PIANO:

SOLO. CHORUS.

day! My Sal-ly am a spunk-y gal, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the
day! With laugh-ing eyes and cur-ly hair, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the

CHORUS.

day! Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare-well, my fair-y fay! Oh, I'm
day! Bass Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

off to Lonisi-an-a, for to see my Sn-ey An-na, Singing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day!

3. Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was
a hoss,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
4. Oh! a grasshopper siskin' on a railroad track,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

5. Behind de harr, down on my knees,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
6. He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Words by J. MOORE.

J. D. KERRISON. ©

Cathetically.

1. Those even - ing bells, those even - ing bells. How man - y a tale their
 2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way, And man - y a heart that
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful peal will

run - io tells Of youth and home and that sweet time When I heard their
 still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet

soothing chime. Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime -
 evening bells, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells,
 evening bells. While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE CRUISE OF "THE BUGABOO."

Moderato

Adapted by N.H., '83-'83.

Voice

1. Come all ye ten - der heart - ed men, Where - ev - er ye may be, And I'll

Piano

tell ye of the dan - gers that are on the deep, blue sea. The

THE CRUISE OF "THE BUGABOO."

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Cruise of The Bugaboo." The score is written on four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes a chorus section marked "DAL S. FOR CHORUS." and a final section marked "S.".

du - gate and the hard - ships, me byes, that I went through. When I

slipped as cook and steward, me byes, a - board The Bug - a - boo

DAL S. FOR CHORUS.

2. I shipped as cook and steward, me byes
 Fur divil a cunt I had;
 I said good-bye to Mary Ann
 And was feelin' perty bad
 As I said good-bye to Mary Ann,
 And set me face to the west
 I heard the engineer remark
 That the horse was doin' his best.

3. The first time that I seen the ship,
 She lay in Terapahy street canal;
 She was tall, an' large, an' beautiful,
 Forgi her shape I niver shall.
 Oh, the captain he wore a large straw hat,
 Lines-breeches, and a body coat blue;
 Arrah, bedad! the byes all said he'd make a fine
 figger-head
 Fur to ornament *The Bugaboo*

4. Oh, the engineer he went asleep
 As he sat aboard the mule;
 And the second mate called out to him
 "Arrah, turn the crank you fool!"
 The second mate hollered and swore, me byes,
 Till he split the back of his vest,
 And the engineer woke up, and replied
 That the horse was doin' his best

5. We soon weighed anchor an' set sail
 Fur to plough the ragin' surf;
 We wuz bound for the lee of Allaghen
 Fur to git a load of turf.
 We sailed all night, until we reached
 The back of Richmond Barracks so true;
 And the gallant Eighty-Sixth fired a royal
 salute of broiks
 At the captain of *The Bugaboo*.

6. Then the captain pinned all hands on deck,
 Fur to answer the salute;
 And he grabbed ahead of a marlin' spike
 And the second mate's left-hand boot
 He throwed the boot so straight, me byes,
 That he hit the mule on the chest;
 And th' engineer re-mon-strated
 That the horse was doin' his best

7. Nine years we sailed, when a storm arose,
 The canal rose mountain high;
 Oh, the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled,
 An' in the dark blue sky
 The second mate he saw urriers
 Fur to lower the sail an' clew;
 An' the captain down below, lyin' smokin' in his
 berth,
 Set fire to *The Bugaboo*.

8. Then the mule took fright an' run away,
 An' left the crew afloat;
 The mate he shouted to the engineer
 Fur to come and save the boat.
 But the mule was gittin' along me byes,
 An' his tail was headin' for the west;
 And the engineer called out quite loud
 That the horse was doin' his best.

9. When the captain seen what he had done,
 He loud for help did shout;
 An' he hollered up to the chimney hole
 Fur the helmsman fur to come and put it out.
 But the helmsman he was fast asleep,
 An' to his post untrue;
 An' the fire burned so hard in the middle of the
 turf,
 Bedad, we couldn't save *The Bugaboo*

10. Oh, the fire it burned so hard, me byes,
 That it burned the town-rope;
 And the mule he throwed the engineer,
 Who tumbled down the slope.
 The captain called to the engineer
 Fur to give the mule a rest;
 And the engineer replied from the bank
 That the horse was doin' his best.

11. When forty thousand miles from land,
 In latitude fifty four,
 Oh, the fire it burned so hard, me byes,
 That it couldn't burn any more,
 The captain he then gay orders
 "Lower (ad lib.) the bows an' save the crew!"
 Forty-seven (or thirty) fifty-four *Four Fawns*,
 Went down in *The Bugaboo*

MUSH, MUSH.

Andante. mf

VOICE

1. Ob, 'twas there I larned ra - din' an' wr - an',..... At Billy
me we had mon - y a scrim mage,..... An'
2. Ob, 'twas there that I larned all me court - in' O' the
Con - nor, she lived jist for - ninst me,..... An'

PIANO

Brac-kett's where I wint to school..... And 'twas there I larned howl - in' an'
div - il a oop - y I wrote;..... There was ne'er a ges - soon in the
his - sons I tack in the art!..... Till Cu - pid, the blackguard, while
tin - der lines to her I wrote;..... If ye dare say wan hard word a-

1st

figh - tin' Wid me school-mas-ther Mis - ther O' Toole,..... Him an'
vil - lage Dared.... thread on the tail o' me-
sport - in' An ar - row thru straight thro' heart Miss Jn dy O'
gin her, I'll thread on the tail o' yer

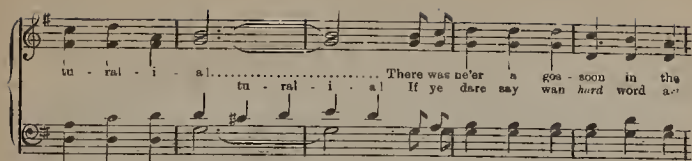
1st

CHORUS.

2nd

Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dyl..... Sing, mush, mush, mush,
mush mush

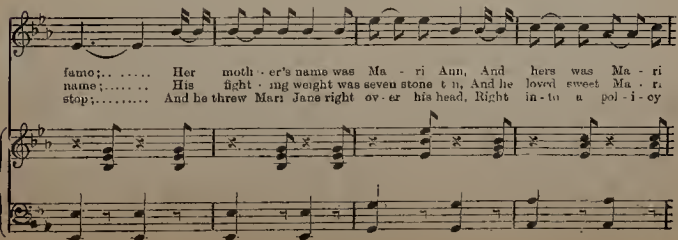
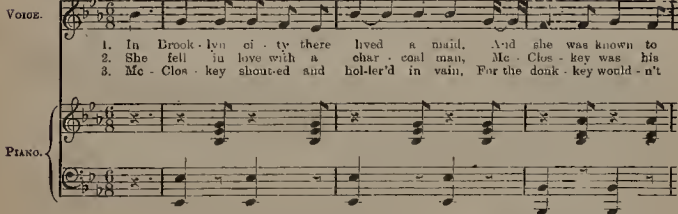
MUSH, MUSH.



3. But a blackguard, called Mickey Maloney,
Came an' shole her affections away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't oon,
So I sint him a challenge next day.
In the evenin' we met at the Woodbine,
The Don we crossed o'er in a boat;
An' I lashed him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me—*Cho.*

4. Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a-flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation—
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
Oh, I've clamed out the Finnigan faction,
An' I've licked all the Morphys adlost;
If you're in fur a row or a radious,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' me—*Cho.*

MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto. mf

MICHAEL ROY.

Jane..... And eve-ry Sat-ur-day morn-ing She used to go ov-er the
 Janet..... He took her to ride in his char-coal cart On a fine Saint Patrick's
 shop..... When Mc-Clos-key saw that ter-ri-ble sight, His heart it was moved with

riv-er, And went to market where she sold eggs, And sass-a-ge, like-wise liver.....
 day. But the donkey took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a-way.....
 pi-ty. So he stabbed the donkey with a bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci-ty.....

CHORUS. *Accompaniment same as for last eight bars of Solo.*

For oh!..... For oh!..... (1st Time.)
 For oh! he was my dar-ling boy..... For
 For oh! he was For oh! he was
 For oh! he was For oh! he was

Repeat Chorus pp

he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mich-a-el Roy!.....

OH MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.

Tempo di mazurka

Words and Music by PERCY MONTROSE.

Voice

1 In a cab-in, in a can-ou, an ex-ca-va-tion for a
 2 She drove her deck-less To the riv-er, Ev'ry morn-ing just at
 3. Run by lips A-bove the wa-tor. Blowing bub-bles soft and

Piano

mine; Dwell a min-er, A For-ty-rau-er. And his daugh-ter Cle-men-tine.
 mine; Stubbed her toe a- gainst a silv-er, F-ell in to the foaming brine.
 fine: A-a- fur me, I was no swimmer, So I lost my Cle-men-tine.

CHORUS. (accompaniment same as for Solo.)

Alto

Oh my dar-ling Oh my dar-ling Oh my dar-ling Cle-men-

1st Tenor

Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-Cle-men-

Bass

Oh Cle-men-tine, Oh Cle-men-tine, Oh Cle-men-Cle-men-

time ... You are lost and gone for-ev-er, Drea-h! sor-ry. Cle-men-tine.

time Cle-men-Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine, Clementine, Cle-men-Cle-men-tine.

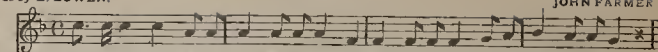
time Cle-men-Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine, Oh Clementine, Oh Cle-men-Cle-men-tine.

FORTY YEARS ON.

Words by E. BOWEN.

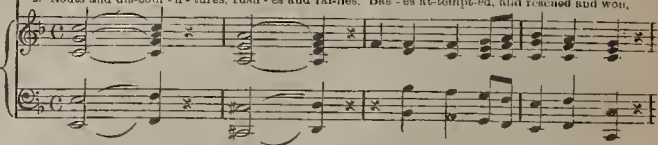
JOHN FARMER

VOICE.

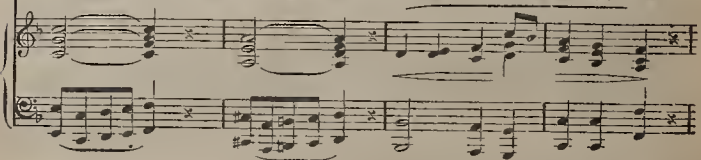


1 For-ty years on, when a - far and a - send-er Part-ed are those who are sing-ing to-day
 2 Rout-s and dis-com-fi-tures, rush-es and ral-lies. Bas-es at-tempt-ed, and re-ach-ed and won,

PIANO.



When you look back, and for-get - - ful-ly won-der What you were like in your work and your play,
 Strife without an-ger and art without malice,—How will it seem to you for-ty years on?

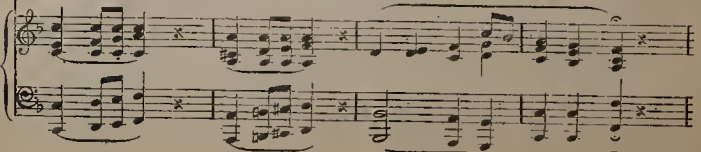


Then, it may be, there will of-ten come o'er you. Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—
 Then, you will say, not a fe-ver-ish minute, Strained the weak heart and the way-er-ing knee,

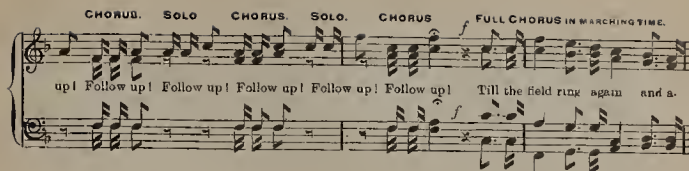


Solo

Via-tions of boyhood shall float them before you, Ec-hoes of dream-land shall bear them along Follow
 Nev-er the but-ter-raged hot-test, but in it, Neither the last nor the faintest were we!

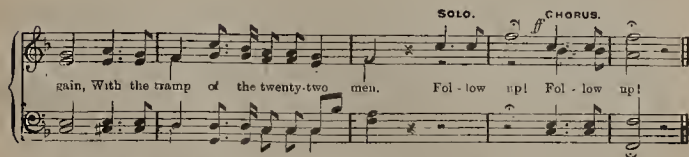


CHORUS. SOLO CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS FULL CHORUS IN MARCHING TIME.



up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Till the field ring again and a-

SOLO. CHORUS.



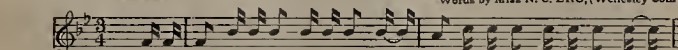
gain, With the tramp of the twenty-two men. Fol - low up! Fol - low up!

1. O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discomfited them, one with another,
Angering triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! &c.
4. Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or besiege,
Games to play on, whether earnest or fun;
Fight for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on
Follow up! &c.

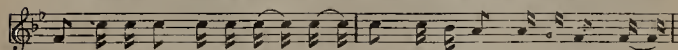
Tune—"THE MENAGERIE."

H, S O.

Words by Miss N. C. ENO, (Wellesley Coll.)

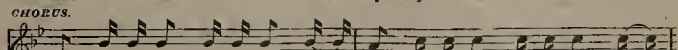


1. DIRECTIONS. You take a few pieces of zinc, And put in your gen - er - a - tor. Add
2. OBSERVATIONS The ac - tion was not ver - y brisk, When I put in H, S O. So I
3. CONCLUSIONS. As I wiped up the a - old and zinc, And swept up the glass from the floor, I con -

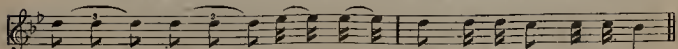


wa - ter, then plug in the cork, and pour in H, S O. And
tried ni - tric a - old to see If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, If the
clud - ed I'd stick to direc - tions, And try my own me - thods no more, And

CHORUS.



pour in H, S O. And pour in H, S O. Add
thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, So I
try my own me - thods no more, And try my own me - thods no more, I con -



wa - ter then plug in the cork, And pour in H, S O.
tried ni - tric a - old to see If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more.
clud - ed I'd stick to di - rec - tions, And try my own meth - ods no more.

THE TRAMP'S SONG

1. 'Way down in yon - der val - ley, The mist is like a sea Though the
 2. We wan - der by the woodland. That hangs up - on the hill
 3. We gaze up - on the streamlet. As o'er the bridge we lean, Wo

PIANO

sun be scarcely risen, There is light enough for me. For be it ear - ly morning, Or
 Hark! the cock is tuning His morning clarion sbrill. And hurried - ly a-waking From his
 watch its hurrie! ripples, We watch its golden green Oh, the men of the north are stalwart, And the

be it late at night, Cheerily ring our footsteps. Right, left, right! }
 nest a-mid the spray. Cheerily now the blackbird Whistling greets the day. } For
 woodland lasses fair, And cheerily breathes a-round us. The brace-ing woodland air.

CHORUS.
ff 1ST AND 2ND TENOR

be it ear - ly morning, or be it late at night, Cheerily ring our footsteps, right, left, right. Mid
ff 1ST AND 2ND BASS

f

THE TRAMP'S SONG.

ev'ning's dusky shadows, In morn'g's rosy light, Cheerily ring our footsteps, Right, left, right.

UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.

Moderato. mf.

1. All the world a-round I'm stray-ing, Eve-ry sea and mountain o'er;
 2. All my goods weigh not a fea-ther, And my blood is nev-er old;
 3. In my heart are all my treas-ures,-- Joys no hand can take a way;

Allegro. ff

Free as air, I'm nev-er staying On the North or Southern shore, Mer-ry here and mer-ry there,
 Eve-ry-where I feast with princes, Eve-ry-where in halls of gold, Hun-ry here and hun-ry there,
 Who would pine for Mam-mon's pleasures Death can darken in a day, Mer-ry here and mer-ry there,

rall.

U-bi Be-ne, i-bi Pa-tri-a. U-bi Be-ne, i-bi Pa-tri-a.

4. While my pipe is yet beside me,
 And my beer remains to foam,
 With a hat and coat to hide me,
 Everywhere I'll gaily roam.
 Drinking here and smoking there (*Bis*)
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis*).

5. In the bowl I'm ever heeding
 Love's delicious, maddening glow;
 Now in northland humbly pleading,
 Now were southern breezes blow.
 Kissing here and drinking there (*Bis*)
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis*).

6. So through life I'm smoothly gliding
 On a calm and shining sea,
 Scrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
 And in wine's sweet revelry,
 Merry here and merry there (*Bis*)
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis*).

7. By-and-by shall Death's grim shadows
 On this useless clay be laid;
 Then I'll sleep the cooling meadows
 In the golden land of shade!
 Merry here and merry there (*Bis*)
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis*).

O'HOO LIHAN.

Maestoso.

Voice.

1. Me name it is O' Hoo - li - han, I'm a man of con-sid'ra-ble in - flu-ence, I

PIANO.

mind my busi - ness, stay at home, Me wants be few and small; but one

day the byes a - round did come, All full o' whiskey, gin, and rum; And they

roll e dim. *a tempo*

roll e dim. *a tempo.*

Repeat last four bars (in unison), for Chorus.

tuk me out in the bi - lin' sun fur to play a game o' base - ball.

O'HOOIHAN.

They made me carry all the bats,
 An' they nearly drowed me crazy;
 They put me out in the out-re-field,
 But I paralyzed them all.
 For I put out me fight fur to stop a "dy,"
 Whin the murderin' thing bit me square in the
 An' they hung me over a fince to dhy, [eye;
 The day that I played baseball.

3. I took the bat fur to strike the ball,
 An' I knocked it to San Francisco,
 Around the bases I did run
 A dozen times or more,
 'Till all the byes began to howl
 "O'Hoolihan ye made a foul,"
 An' they rubbed me dowa wid a Turkish towl,
 The day that I played baseball.

4. The editor he axed me name
 Fur to give me a leather medal,
 He axed me fur me forty-graft
 To hang agin' the wall;
 Fur he said it was me as had won the game,
 Wid me head all broke, and me shoulder lame,
 An' they took me home on a cattle train,
 The day that I played baseball.

SEEING NELLIE HOME.

Andante.

VOICE

PIANO

1. In the sky the bright stars glittered..... On the bank the pale moon
 2. On my arm a soft band rested..... Rested light as o - cean

ebone; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was see - ing Nellie home.....
 foam; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was see - ing Nellie home.....

CHORUS.

cresc.

I was see - ing Nel - lie home..... I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

from Aunt Di - nah's quilting par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie home

3. On my lips a whisper trembled,
 Trembled till it dared to come;
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.

4. On my life new hopes were dawning,
 And those hopes have lived and grown;
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 'I was seeing Nellie home.

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

Moderato. mf. Adapted by W. J. H. and J. E. J.

VOICE.

1. When I was a stu-dent at Ca-diz,..... I

PIANO.

mf.

played on the Span-ish gui-tar, ching, ching! I used to make love to the

la-dies,..... I think of them still from a far, ching, ching!

CHORUS. Accompaniment same as for Solo.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la.

Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching! Ring out ye bells, Oh ring out ye

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la

bella, Oh ring out ye bells! Ring ching ching! Ring ching chi g!

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,

Repeat Chorus softly.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la ching ching!

Ring out ye bells, As I play on my Span-ish gui-tar, ching, ching!

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la ching, ching!

1. I was four years a student at Cadiz,
Where nothing one's pleasure can mar, ching, ching!
And where many a beautiful maid is,—
Oh I strum'd and I twang'd my guitar, ching, ching!
2. Oh I sang serenades there at Cadiz,
Till I got an attack of catarrh, ching, ching!
Though no more I could serenade,
Still I played on my Spanish guitar, ching, ching!

4. When at last the train bore me from Cadiz,
The ladies all wept round the car, ching, ching!
Oh it grieved me to part from those ladies,
But I carried away my guitar, ching, ching!
5. I'm no longer a student at Cadiz,
But I play on the Spanish guitar, ching, ching!
And still I am fond of the ladies,
Though now I'm a happy papa, ching, ching!

SAW MY LEG OFF.

*Andante.**Fine*

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short

2. Saw it on again, quick.
3. Call your dog off, sharp.

4. Hash for breakfast, Hash for dinner,
Hash for supper, Hash! *shouted

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

Andante. *p* *Shouted*

VOICE

1. There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him
 2. He left me for a dam-sel dark, dam-sel dark, Each Friday night they used to
 3. Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide & deep, Put tombstones at my head and

PIANO

p

down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid laugh-ter free, And nev-er, never thinks of
 spark, used to spark, And now my love, once true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his
 feet, head and feet, And on my breast carve a tur-tle dove, To sig-ni-fy I died of

CHORUS.

me.
 knee.
 love.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not let the parting grieve thee, And re-

member that the best of friends must part, must part. A-dieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu, I

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

First system of music for 'There is a Tavern in the Town'. It consists of a vocal melody (treble and bass clefs) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'own no long-er stay with you, stay with you. I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree, And may the world go well with thee. well with thee, thee, well with thee.' The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a '1st & 2nd' marking above the vocal line.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Musical score for 'Three Little Kittens'. It begins with a 'Solemnly.' instruction. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line: '1. Once on a time there were three who lived together in a basket of saw - aw - - dust. Little kittens'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with an 'After 3rd stanza.' instruction above the vocal line. The lyrics for the second system are: 'Said the first little kitten un-to the two other little cats, "If you don't Why, I.... must!" That's so!'

2. Now these little kittens (pretty ones) | lived together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;
Said the second lit'tle kitten | unto | the two other little cats.
"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I must!"
3. Still, the three pretty little kittens (such was their imperturbability) | continued to
live together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;
Said the third little kitten | unto | the two other little cats.
"If you don't just get out of this, | Why I shall Buz!" That's so.

* With a vigorous nod of affirmation.

SAILING, SAILING, SAILING.

Delec. Tempo di walse. mf

Words by W. J. HEALY, '88

VOICE.

1. Ov - er the riv - er, ov - er the Dee, Dwells... a maid - en
 2. Up to her win - dow sun - shine or rain. A clamb' - ring rose - vine

PIANO.

fair goes Ob! laugh ing lips and eyes... has she, and
 And over the river my heart would fain To

Yodel. La la yo - del la yo - del la

ripp ling, sun - ny hair..... Sail - ing, sail - ing.
 climb with the climb - ing rose..... Vocal or instrumental accompaniment.

la la la la

sum sum

yo - del la la la yo - del la yo - del la la la la la la yo - del la

Sail - ing, Sail - ing down the stream..... Sail - ing

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum

SAILING SAILING SAILING.

yo del la yo del le la la la la la la la la la la

Sail - ing, sail - ing, Sail - ing down... the stream.....

xu. la la sum la la sum la la sum la la la la la la

3. After the sunset flush has flown,
When lilacs scent the air,
By the old bridge I'll meet alone
My love so blithe and fair.

4. Over the river, the evening breeze
Fragrance-laden blows;
Under the blossoming apple trees,
I walk with my lovely Rose.

5. Eyes has my love like a day in June

When all the sky is blue,
Lips like a rose in a summer noon,
Ripe-red through and through.

6. Ever I dream of one sweetest word
I to my love will say;
Oh, my heart is like a singing-bird
On a swaying hazel spray.

THE COLLEGE GOWN.

Tune—"DER FÜRST LIEBT HERRLICH."

Words by REV. J. CAMPBELL, 69

1. Gift in the class-book page I've read, Of Gra - ces three and Mu - ses
Now hea - then dames I bid de - part, And her my Grace, my Muse, I

alone, And many a time with aching head..... I've begged them to suggest a line
own, She shall inspire the poet's heart..... She mended my old College gown.

head, with aching head.
heart, the poet's heart.

3. Dynamic forces ne'er can move
Th' ecstatic zero of my soul,
No calculus compute its love,
Nor optic powers discern the whole.
Though squared and cubed, no lapse of years
Can o'er her fond remembrance crown,
Nay though they numbered thrice the tears
She mended in my College Gown.

3. No language can express her charms,
No living tongue her virtues tell;
Her name the poet's pen discerns,
And dares his powers to break the spell.
Nay would he, if he could, disclose
That name in every language known,
Tis stated best in English prose—
She mended my old College Gown.

4. Philosophy perchance may please
The earnest and enquiring mind
But neither mighty Socrates
Nor Oloero himself could find
A secret that in ages past
Bedded eages of renown.
The summum bonum—found at last,
She mended my old College Gown.

5. Great wonders Science brings to light,
Great truths her growing powers unfold
And Nature spreads before our sight
A thousand beauties new and old.
Yet one o'er all I still prefer,
Who in her kingdom wears the crown,
The world were empty wanting her
Who mended my old College Gown.

MY BONNIE.

Andante. Dolce.

VOICE

1 My Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean,..... My
 2 Oh, blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean,..... Ch

PIANO

Sva

Bon - nie is o - ver the sea,..... My Bon - nie is o - ver the
 blow ye winds o - ver the sea,..... Oh blow ye winds o - ver the

Sva

o - cean,..... Oh bring back my Bon - nie to me,.....
 o - cean,..... And bring back my Bon - nie to me,.....

CHORUS.

*Alz.**cres.*

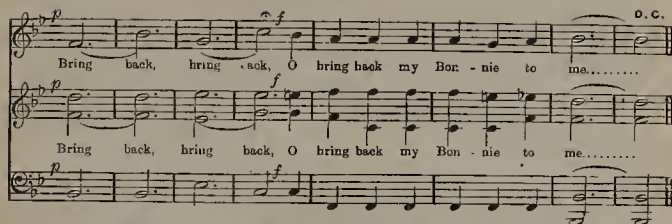
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me

TENOR AND 1ST BASS. *cres.*

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me.

2ND BASS. *cres.*

MY BONNIE.

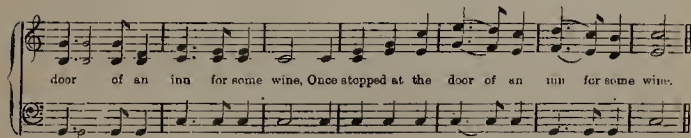
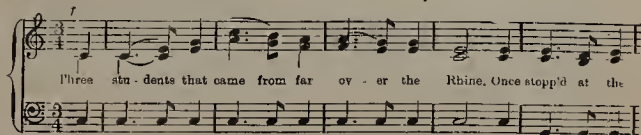


3. Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.
Chorus—Bring back, etc.

4. The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.
Chorus—Bring back, etc.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Translation by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88



1. Three students that came from far over the Rhine,
Once stopped at the door of an inn for some wine.

2. "Kind landlady, have you good wine I pray?
And where is your charming young daughter to-day?"

3. "My beer and my wine are refreshing and clear,
In her heavenly home is my daughter so dear."

4. And when they stepped into the chamber of death,
They gazed on the maiden and each held his breath.

5. The veil from her face the first drew aside,
And looked at her sadly, and mournfully cried:

6. "Ah! didst thou but live, oh maiden so pure!
From this very moment I'd love thee, I'm sure."

7. The veil o'er her face the second one drew,
And wept as he turned from the sorrowful view

8. "Alas, that thou thus liest dead on thy bier!
For thee I have loved since many a year."

9. The third moved again the veil from its place,
And bent o'er the form, and kissed the pale face

10. "Thee always I loved, thee love I to-day,
And thee shall I love for ever and aye."

ALMA MATER.

Tune.—"FRÜH'IGUCH DES LERRENS."

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd Tenors

Oh, Al - ma Ma - ter! Thus I think, and then I sigh.

2nd Bass

Hard is thy lot, When a pretty girl is nigh.

FINE

SOLO.

I'm heart - ly tired of Greece and Rome, I wear - y through each learn - ed tome.

won - der how can pleas - ure come In thinking of a plus y.....

D.C.

1. I'm heartily tired of Greece and Rome,
I weary through each learned tome.
I wonder how can pleasure come
In thinking of a plus y.
Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

2. When morning comes, oh then, oh then,
Whether at eight, or nine, or ten,
Up I must get from my cosy den,
And off to college fly.
Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

3. And then, oh then, on a winter's night,
With one on my left and one on my right,
'Tis pleasant thus to walk at night,
Don't ask me the reason why.
Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

4. Summer is coming, and naught like this,
Lolling all day on banks of bliss,
And now and then a-stealing a kiss,
And if I can't I'll try.
Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

THE MAID FROM ALGOMA.

SOLO. Adapted by J. E. J., '83.

Con animo, mf.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

VOICE

1. Where are you going, my pretty maid?" Heave away, heigh - o, heigh: I'm

PIANO

going to the 'Var - sity, sir," she said, "And I come away back from Al - go - ma."

CHORUS.

Heave a - way! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Heave a - way! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! "I'm

going to the 'Var - si - ty, Sir," she said, "And I come a - way back from Al - go - ma."

FIRST VERSION.

1. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigh, heigh.
"I'm going to the 'Varsity, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
2. What to do there, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigh, heigh.
"I'm going to be cultured, sir," she said,
"For I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
3. "What are your answers, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigh, heigh.
"Chiuso and Quaternione, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
4. "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigh, heigh.
"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said,
"And I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*

SECOND VERSION.

1. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigh, heigh.
"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
2. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigh, heigh.
"You wouldn't understand it, sir," she said,
"For I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
3. "What is the subject, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigh, heigh.
"Total extinction of man," she said,
"For I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*
4. "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigh, heigh.
"— will marry me, sir," she said,
"And I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allargetto, mf

Voice.

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the
fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The
2. She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she
most grace - ful curls hang her ra - ven black hair, And

PIANO

1st 2nd

wind from the mountains ne'er ruf - fles the rosy; Lives
pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
nev - er was known to put paint on her cheek; In the
she nev - er re - quires per - tum - ery there.

CHORUS.

Dear Ev - e - lin - a, sweet Ev - e - lin - a, My love for

these shall nev - er, nev - er die. Dear Ev - e - lin - a,

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA

63

sweet Ev - e - lin - a, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

3. Evelina and I, one fine evening in June,
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon,
The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.—*Cho.*
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives in that green grassy hollow,
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.—*Cho.*

ROW YOUR BOAT.

1. ROUND.

E. O. LYTE.

Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream:
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; Life is but a dream.

CARMEN LIBERORUM ROMANORUM.

Chorus in unison. 1st time Andante religioso, 2nd time, Allegro.

B. CARPENTER (Harvard).

VOICE
E - ne me - ne mi - ne mo, Car - pe ni - grum di - gi - to;
PIANO
Si ex - claim - at sol - ve - to, E - ne me - ne mi - ne mo.

KEMO KIMO.

Music adapted.

SOLO. *Con spirito.* SEMI-CHORUS.

VOICE

1 A way down south in Cen-tre street; Sing-song sitty, won't you ki-me-o! For their
2. They go to bed, but it ain't no use,

PIANO

SOLO. SEMI CHORUS.

Dere's where de dar-keys grow ten feet; Sing-song sit-ty won't you ki-me-o!
legs bang ont for a chic-ken roost.

FULL CHORUS.

Ke-mo ki-mo, dar-o-wa-me-hi, me-bo-me ram-si-pum-aiddle,
somp-back piddo-winknm nim-pnm, nip-eat; Sing-song sitty won't you ki-me-o!

3. Each darkey wakes up almost dead
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
With a hundredweight of chickens on each leg.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

4. The chickens go out to de barn,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
The big ones orow and the little ones larn.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

5. And when each chick is pretty full,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
He sticks his claw in the darkey's wool.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

6. I looked behind de kitchen stove,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

9. (Lento) The horse and the sheep were going to the pasture,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
Says the horse to the sheep (acrol.) "Won't you go a little faster?" Sing-song, ar

THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE.

TENORS *p*
 Why have the faculty
 but one idea?
 Shouted by all BECAUSE!

There's on - ly room for one, There's on - ly room for one; At the

BASS
 *

PIANO
 *

Residence gate at half-past eight. Keeping the porter up so late, There's only room for one.... There's

f

on - ly room for one; At the Residence gate at half-past eight, There's only room for one.

2. Why is there but one *real* University in America?
3. Why didn't "Queen's" come into Confederation?
4. Why has the Chicago girl but one foot in the grave?

Local hits should be introduced.

THE PIPE.

TUNE—A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

VOICE. Of all things on earth that to joy give birth, And rend - er a man's heart

PIANO.

jol - ly, There's not I'm sure a bet - ter cure Than a pipe for mel - an -

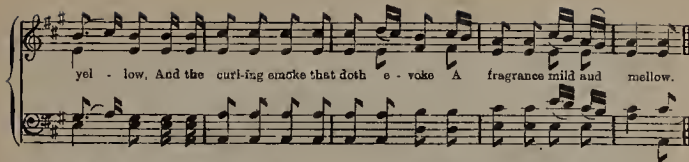
chol - y. It can make a tiff pass off with a whiff. And the joys of content - ment

borrow, And the worst wars cease in a pipe of peace, Which soothes the nerves of sor - row.

CHORUS. Accompaniment same as for first eight bars of Solo.

'then hur - rah for the pipe so rich and ripe, with its am - ber mouth so

THE PIPE.



yel - low, And the curl-ing smoke that doth e - voke A fragrance mild and mellow.

2 Let philosophers rant of Fichte and Kant,
Of Hartley and his vibrations,
And puzzle their wits with Clarke, Leibnitz,
Time, space, and their relations;
Yet six feet space will end their race,
And prove their sciences trashes,
While Time with a wipe will break their pipe,
And Death knock out the ashes.

Chorus.—Then hurrah, &c.


3 Let the soldier boast of the mighty host,
Of the pride and the pomp of battle,
Of the war steed's bound, and the clarion's sound,
And the cannon's thundering rattle;
Yet there's more delight with a friend at night,
And a song and a pipe also,
Than in balls and bombs, and fives and drums,
And military show.

Chorus.—Then hurrah, &c.

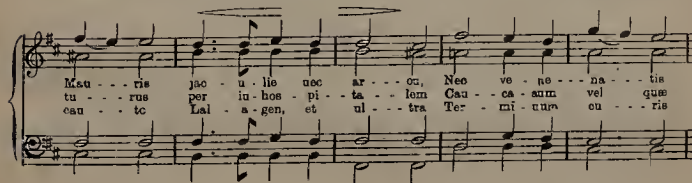
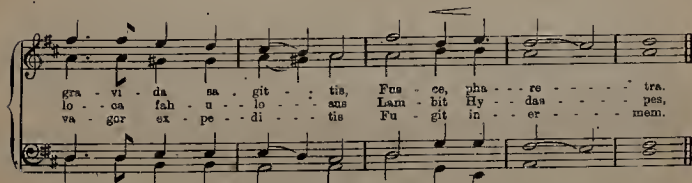
INTEGER VITÆ.

FLEMMING, 1778-1813.

MOR., Lib. I, C. XXII.

Andante.


TENORS
BASSES

4. Quale portentum neque militaris
Dennas latas alit æneulæ:
Neo Juba telus generat, lænum
Arida utrix.

5. Pene mo, pigrie ubi nulla campis
Arbor sativa recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

6. Pene sub curru nimum propinqu
Solis, in terra domibus negat;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

Solo male

VOICE.

1. I'm a rambling rake of pov - er - ty, From Tippe'ry town I came; 'Twas
 2. I once was tall and hand - some, And was so ver - y neat. They
 3. I'm a rambling wretch of pov - er - ty, From Tippe'ry town I came; My

PIANO

pov - er - ty compelled me first to go out in the rain... In all sorts of weather Be it
 thought I was too good to live, Most good enough to eat. But now I'm old, My coat is torn, And
 coat I bought from an old Jew shop Way down in Maiden Lane: My hat I got from a sailor lad Just

wet or be it dry, I am bound to get my live-li-hood, Or lay me down and die.
 pov-er-ty holds me fast, And eve - ry girl turns up her nose As I go wand'ring past.
 eighteen years gone by, And my shoes I picked from an old dust-heap, Which ev'ry one shunned but I.

CHORUS.*Ad.*

Come join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tippe'ry Town I steer, Like eve - ry hon - est fel - low I

1ST TENOR.

Come join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tippe'ry Town I steer, Like eve - ry hon - est fel - low, I

1ST BASS.

2ND BASS.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

drinks my la - ger beer; Like eve - ry jol - ly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear. I'm a

drinks my la - ger beer; Like eve - ry jol - ly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear. I'm a

rambling rake of pov - er-ty, And the son of a Gambolier, The son of a son of a son of a

rambling rake of pov - er-ty, And the son of a Gambolier, The son of a son of a son of a

son of a Gam - bolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a Gam - bolier. Like

son of a Gam - bolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a Gam - bolier. Like

ev'ry jol-ly fellow I takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling rake of poverty, And the son of a Gambolier.

ev'ry jol-ly fellow I takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling rake of poverty, And the son of a Gambolier.

THE BULL DOG

8. Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

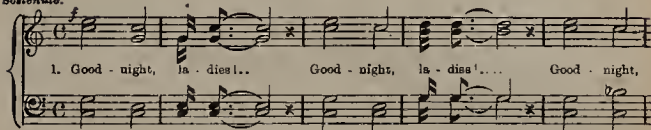
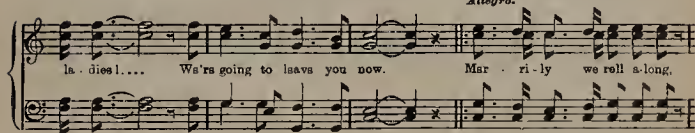
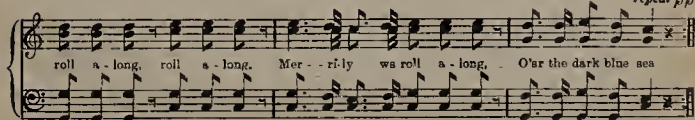
5. Says the tom-cat to the dog,
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Julia's about to tête-à-tête
With Romsco, incog."

4. Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

6. Says the bull-dog to the cat
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night,
But where's the harm in that?"

7. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole
And sent him off to school.

GOOD - NIGHT.

Sostenuto.*Allegro.**repeat 8/8*

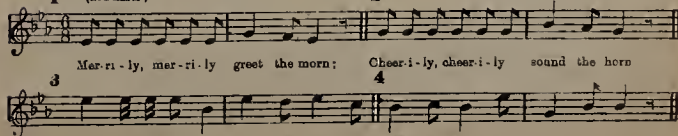
2. Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
Merrily, etc.

3. Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
Merrily, etc.

MERRILY, MERRILY.

1 (Round)

2



Hark! to the echoes hear them play, O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way.

SOLOMON LEVI.

Allegretto.

FRED SEEVER.

VOICE

My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Chatham Street, That's
 2 And if a bum-mer comes a-long To my store on Chatham Street, And

PIANO

where you'll buy your coats and vests, And eve-ry-thing that's neat; I've se-cond-hand-ed
 tries to hang me up for coats And vests so ver-y neat; I kicks the banner right

Ul-ster-ettes, and eve-rything that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a
 out of my store And on him sets my pap. For I won't sell clothing to an-y man Who

CHORUS in unison.

hundred and for-ty nine. O Sol-o-mon Le-vi! Le-vi tra la la
 tries to set me np.

SOLOMON LEVI.

la! Poor Sheen-y Le-vi, Tra la la la la la la la. My

CHORUS.

name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Chatham street; That's where you'll buy your

coat and vests, And ev'rything else that's neat; tra la la. Second-hand-ed Ujsterettes and

D. C.

ev'rything else that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and forty-nine.

2. The people are delighted to come inside of my store,
 And trade with the elegant gentleman what I keeps to walk the floor.
 He is a blood among the Sheenies, beloved by one and all,
 And his clothes they fit him just like the paper on the wall.—Chorus.

PORK, BEANS, AND HARD-TACK; A REBELLION SONG.

Tune—"SOLOWON LEVI."

1. Our volunteers are soldiers bold, so say the people all,
When duty calls they spring to arms, responsive to the call,
With outfits old and rotten clothes ill-fitted for the strife,
They leave their home on starving pay to take the nitchies' life.

Chorus.

Pork, beans and hard-tack, tra la la la, etc.,
Poor hungry soldier, tra la la, etc.
In rage we march the prairie, most eager for the fray,
But when we near the enemy, they always run away.
As Corporation labourers with fat-i-gue each day,
We dig and scrape and hoe and rake for fifty cents a day.

2. Faint, cold and weary, we're packed on an open car,
Cursing our fate and grumbling as soldiers ever are,
Hungry and thirsty, over the C.P.R. we go
Instead of by the all-rail route—Detroit and Chicago.—Chorus.
3. On half cooked beans and fat pork we're fed without relief,
Save when we get a change of grub on hard-tack and corn beef.
On fat-i-gue and guards all day, patrols and pickets by night,
It's thus we while our time away, our duty seems ne'er to fight.
4. Down the wild Saskatchewan in river boats we go,
At last we reach Lake Winnipeg and are taken by a tug in tow.
On board a barge two regiments are shoved into the hold,
Like sardines in a box we're packed, six hundred men all told.
5. Down the length of Winnipeg Lake we roll throughout the night,
And on we're towed along the Lake till Selkirk is in sight,
We disembark in double quick time, we once more board a train.
We're on our way for Winnipeg, we're getting near home again.
6. The ladies of our city are noble dames you know,
And helped us in our woful plight when grub was very low,
We cannot thank them as we ought for every kindness done,
But we say it from our inmost souls their goodness our hearts has won.

PEGGY MURPHY.

Words and Music by CHARLES M. RYAN.

VOICE

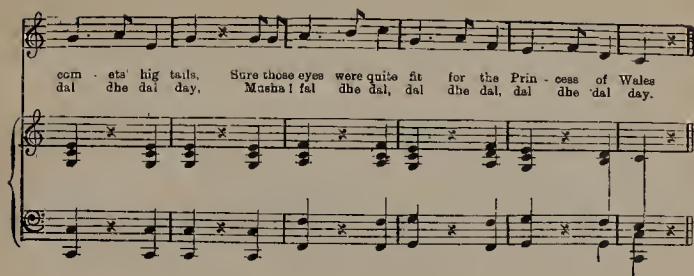
1. Ob! swate Peg - gy Mur - phy bad bean - ti - fal eyes, They were
Arrah! fal dhe dal, dal dhe dal, dal dhe dal day, Musha

CHORUS.

PIANO

dape as two o - ceans, as blue as two skies, And the plan - ces they shot were like
fal dhe dal, dal dhe dal, dal dhe dal day Ar-rah! fal dhe dal, da dhe dal

PEGGY MURPHY.



2. Her mouth it was like a—och! sure I can't tell,
But whene'er she spoke through it a sound like a bell
Went a ringin' and dingin' straight into my soul,—
Sure a swate little mouth was that same little hole.
3. Her skin it was whiter than newly-laid milk,
And softer by far than the softest of silk;
Her complexion indads was so clear and so fair
You could see through her face all the roots of her hair.
4. Her lips an' her cheeks had an exquisite tint,
So rich and so rare, by the angels 'twas tint;
Arrah! naught could compare with her blushes so red
When she walked in the garden the roses dropped dead.
5. Her hair was so fine that it couldn't be felt,
An' so much like the sunshine you'd think it would melt;
Oh! it glistened an' dazzled, I'm tellin' no lies,
That to take a look at it you'd shut both your eyes.
6. Her neck an' each shoulder, each arm an' each hand,
Made her fit for a fairy queen holdin' a wand;
Arrah! she was so deservin' of fairy-like things,
I'm not sure but I think she had nice little wings.
7. Her teeth were like pearls strung out in two rows,
Between luscious cherries right under her nose;
They formed a nate fence round such nice private grounds,
Where a sharp teasing tongue never stayed within bounds.
8. Her breath was as pure as a babe's or a dove's,
That milky-like breath that a spoony man loves
'Twas the clarified essence of nectar an' dew,
An' sugar an' honey made into a stew.
9. For a word or a smile from my paragon Peg
I'd out off my head, or I'd saw off my leg;
And as for a kiss from her lips fresh and swate,
'Twould so fill me with joy as to intoxicate.
10. I cooed an' I wooed her a year an' a day,
An' I asked her to marry me quick straight away.
Oh! she laughed in my face sayin', "Larry, me boy,
I'm engaged to be married to Micokey McCoy!"
11. Then I threw myself under a willow tree,
An' I blubbered an' bawled till I scarcely could see.
Why didn't I ask when I first crossed her door
If she'd s'er been engaged or married before?

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE.

Words by F. B. HODGINS,

Allegro.
VOICE SOLO.
 Bring hither a beak-er and fill it with wine.
ACCOMP.
CHORUS.
 Vi - ve la com - pag - nial

SOLO.
 And pledge Al - ma Ma - ter with nine - ty times nine.
CHORUS.
 Vi - vo la com - pag - nie!

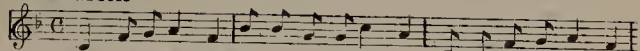
Vi - ve le, vi - ve le, vi - ve le roi, Vi - vo le, vi - ve le, vi - vo le roi,

vi - v le roi, vi - ve la reine, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

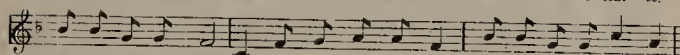
2. Here's to the Senators, all in a row,
But what they are good for I really don't know.
3. The Professors come next, and they're not a bad lot,
There are some that are good, and there are some that are not.
4. Here's to the Ladies—they do as they please,—
Take our places in street cars and class-rooms with ease.
5. Here's to the Free-man, of brazen fifteen,
In his cap and his gown day and night he is seen.
6. Here's to the Bedel, who carries the mace,
As he walks up the aisle he's the model of grace.
7. Here's to ourselves—we're the best of the crowd,
We're too modest to mention our praises out loud.
8. Here's to the fellow who sings out of tune,
We'll choke him right off, for he can't die too soon.
9. Here's to Exams., but we've drained the last drop,
So I think it is time for this ditty to stop.

CHINESE SONG.

BARITONE SOLO.



1. Me gettee married, Have a pret-ty wif - ee. Have a pig - gy tail - ee,
 2. Me singee songee, Get - ee fiv - ee cent - ee, Tak - ee fiv - ee cent - ee.

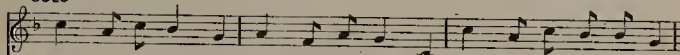


Hang it down-ee back, 'Long com - ee Meli - can man. Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee,
 Put him right a - way, 'Long com - ee Meli - can man, Tak - ee fiv - ee cent - ee,

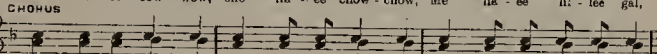


Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee Till the face - glow black.
 Turn - ee right a - round and say, "Hey, what d'ye say."

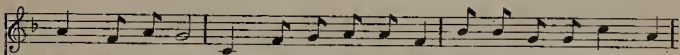
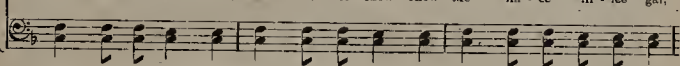
SOLO



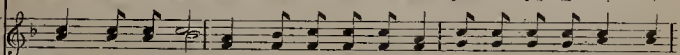
Me lik - ee bow - wow, she lik - ee chow - chow, Me lik - ee lil - lee gal,



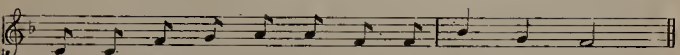
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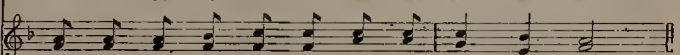
she lik - ee me; 'Long com - ee Meli - can man, pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee,



she lik - ee me; 'Long com - ee Meli - can man, pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee,



Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee on the bold Chi - - nee.



Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee on the bold Chi - - nee.



THE PUSHFUL POLLYWOG

Words by JOHN D SPENCE, '89

Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, '88.

Solo.

1. In the dim-ness of the ag-es when the 'Var-si-ty was young,
2. It may seem a lit-tle fish-y, but phi-lo-so-phers re-late
3. As he swam one sum-mer morn-ing, close be-side the qui-et shore,
4. Had you met him some-what lat-er, you'd have struggled to es-cape,

CHORUS

Solo

Air.

V - A - R - S - I - T - Y!

Groped a spine-less pol-ly wog-gie with an un-de-vel-oped lung;
 The tad-dy soon a fish be-came, tho' still in-ver-te-brate;
 The bank looked so in-vit-ing that he ven-tured to ex-plore;
 For real-ly he pre-sent-ed a most ques-tion-a-ble shape;

CHORUS

Solo

Air.

V - A - R - S - I - T - Y!

It was strug-gle, it was strive; It was
 'Mid the si-lence of the sea, In a
 So he flopped and wad-dled out, Locked with
 Sav-age joy, to us de-nied, Filled the

rail

hard to keep a-live; But he kept on ev-ol-ut-ing and this lit-tle song he sung,
 voiceless melo-dy, Still he gur-gled, gur-gled, gur-gled at a tru-ly tiresome rate,
 in-ter-est a-bout Grew a set of legs to car-ry him, and murmured as be-fore,
 creature's hairy hide, As he chat-tered, chattered, chattered in the semblance of an age

CHORUS

Air

But he kept on ev - ol - ut - ing and this lit - le song he sung:
 Still he gur - gled, gur - gled, gur - gled at a tru - ly tire - some rate:
 Grew a set of legs to ear - ry him, and murmured as he - fire:
 As he chattered, chattered, chattered in the semblance of an ape:

CHORUS *Tempo ordinario**Last verse only*

Var - si - ty! Var - si - ty! V - A - R - S - I - T - Y! V - A - R - S - I - T - Y!

I - T - Y! Var - si - ty! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Directions:— For the first chorus sing (*pp*) Varsity; for second (*p*) Varsity, Varsity; for third (*mf*) Varsity, Varsity, Varsity (*jocosso*); for fourth, complete chorus.

5. Coming down another aeon, you'll observe a curious thing:
 The ape has lost the tail by which of yore he used to swing;
 Cane and collar, hands and feet —
 Lo, the Freshman all complete!
 With a saw-mill in his thorax now this ditty doth he sing:
Chorus:— Varsity! Varsity! &c.
6. The world is very evil, and I shouldn't like to guess
 To what a bad ascendancy the Freshman might progress;
 He might evolve a brain;
 A degree he might obtain;
 But though he were a Senator, he'd warble none the less:
*Chorus as before, but adding the shout.**

HONOUR OLD 'Varsity.

Words adapted by E. C. ACHESON, '59.

NORWEGIAN NATIONAL ANTH.—"SÖNNER AF NORGES."

PIANO.

1ST & 2ND TENOR.

1. Minstrel awaken the harp from its slumbers, Joyfully strike for the

BASS.

old 'Varsity! High and heroic in soul-stirring numbers, Dear Alma Mater, we strike it for thee.

mf

Old re-col-lections wake our af-fec-tious, Each time we speak of the

f

days that are past; Hearts beating loudly and cheeks glowing proudly, Honour old 'Varsity and will to the last.

2. Wide now are scattered thy sons and thy daughters,—

Oft, when begin the long shadows to fall,
 On us, in floods, like the swift, rushing waters,
 Crowd recollections of hours past recall,
 Days full of pleasure without stint or measure,—
 Days when the hours were like birds on the wing,
 These were our blessing, when, ardent possessing,
 Dwelt we at 'Varsity, whose praise now we sing.

3. Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers,

Joyfully strike for the old 'Varsity!
 High and heroic, in soul stirring numbers,
 Dear Alma Mater, we strike it for thee.
 Headless of others, maidens and brothers,
 Stick to your colors with hearts brave and free,
 Aid freely lend her, and stoutly defend her,
 Honour old 'Varsity, dear 'Varsity.

THE THREE CROWS.

SOLO. **CHORUS.** **SOLO.**

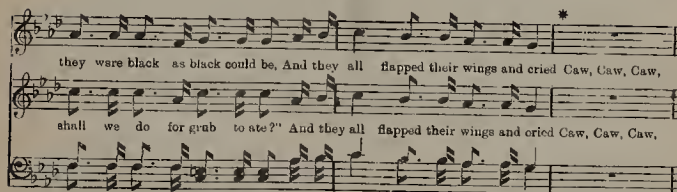
There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! There

2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! Said Billy Magee!

CHORUS.

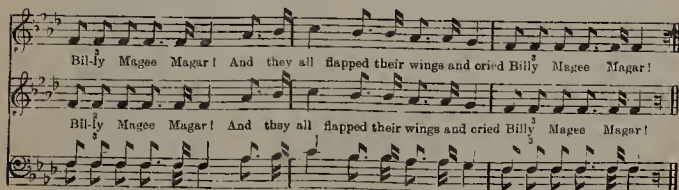
There were three crows sat on a tree, O Billy Magee Magar! There were three crows sat on a tree, And

one old crow un-to his mate, O Billy Magee Magar! Said one old crow unto his mate "What Billy Magee!"



they were black as black could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw,

shall we do for grub to ate?" And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw.



Bil-ly Magee Magar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

Bil-ly Magee Magar! And thsy all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

3. "There lies a horse on yonder plain," (bis.)

Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!

"There lies a horse on yonder plain,

Who's by some cruel butcher slain."—Chorus

4. "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone," (bis.)

Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!

"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,

"And pick his eyes out one by one."—Chorus.

5. "The meat we'll eat before it's stale," (bis.)

Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!

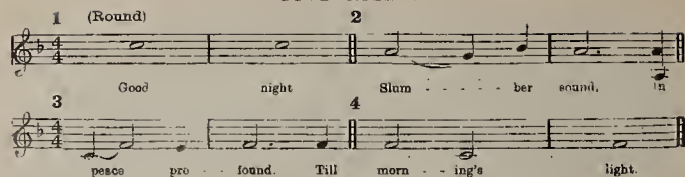
"The meat we'll eat before it's stale,

"Till nought remains but bones and tail."—Chorus

* Imitate Crows.

GOOD NIGHT.

1 (Round) 2



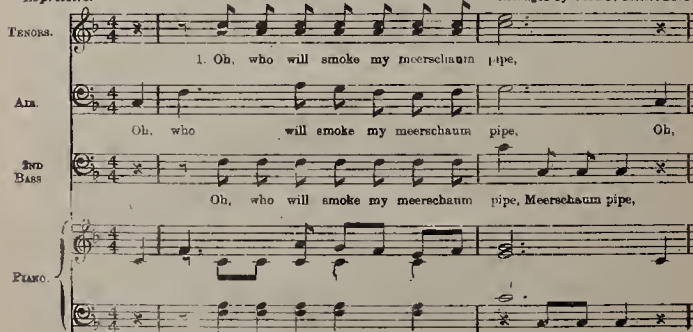
Good night Slam . . . ber sound, in
pesce pro . . found. Till morn . . ing's light.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Espresso.

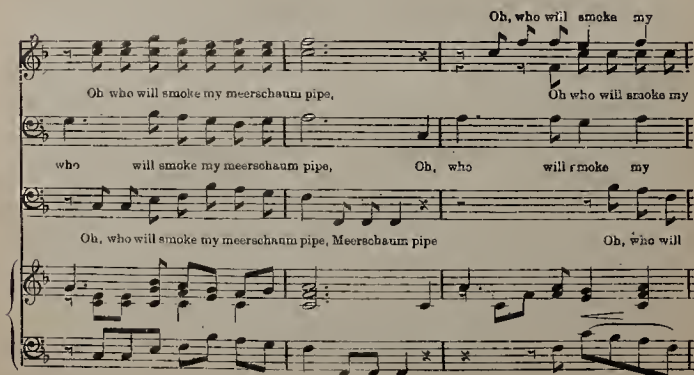
Arranged by THEO. MARTENS.

TENORS.



1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe,
Alto. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh,
Bass. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Meerschaum pipe,
Piano.

Oh, who will smoke my



Oh who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh who will smoke my
who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh, who will smoke my
Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Meerschaum pipe Oh, who will

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

83

meerschaum pipe when I, when I am far a - way

meerschaum pipe when I am far, When I am far a - way. † Bad man!

meerschaum pipe When I am far a - way. Bad man!

smoke my meerschaum pipe When I am far a-way. *Allie Bazan! Bad man!

2. Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran!
3. Oh, who will hoist my green umbrall?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann!
4. Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan!
5. Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan!

6. Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo!
7. Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!
8. Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan,
BAD MAN!!!

Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

† For last stanza only

REGIMENTAL SONG OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

Words by Rev. JOHN CAMPBELL, '65.

Major F. E. DIXON

VOICE

1. Up, comrades up! 'tis our bu - - gle, Th'as sound - bly, it sounds loud and

2. On, comrades on! 'tis our feat - - er; On, act a moment's de -

3. Home, comrades home! ri - fles sing - ing, Hearts bounding high with de -

PIANO

clear,
lay;
light,

Of time as in fare let's be fra - - gal, And

Twill bring but dis - grace and dis - as - - ter, And

Flags are fly - ing; the joy bells are ring - - ing. As they

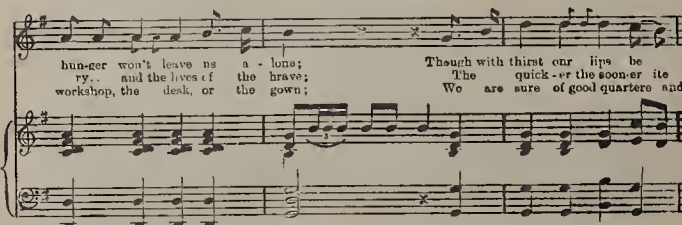
REGIMENTAL SONG OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.



on with our old fighting gear,
make man-y sad hearts to-day,
welcome us home from the fight.

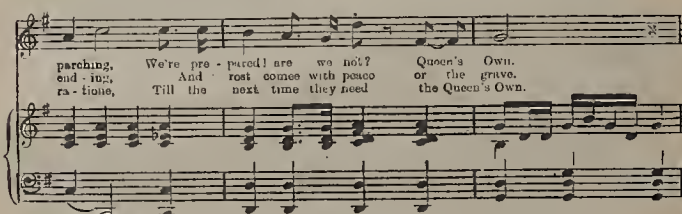
Though our feet be sore with the marching,
On our quick march perchance are depend-ing
Now off to our peaceful vo-cations,

And
Vic-to-
The



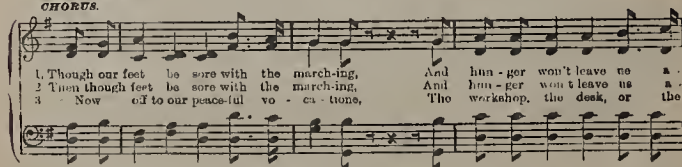
hun-ger won't leave us a-lone;
ry... and the lives of the brave;
workshop, the desk, or the gown;

Though with thirst our lips be
The quick - or the sooner its
We are sure of good quarters and

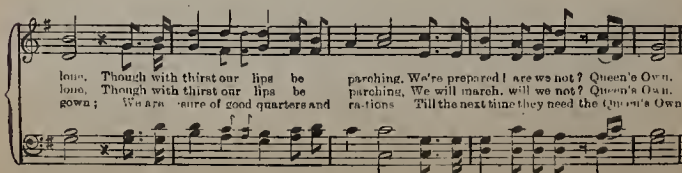


parching, We're pre-pared! are we not? Queen's Own,
end-ing, And rest comes with peace or the grave,
ra-tions, Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.

CHORUS.



1. Though our feet be sore with the marching, And hun-ger won't leave us a-lone,
2. Then though feet be sore with the marching, And hun-ger won't leave us a-lone,
3. Now off to our peaceful vo-cations, The workshop, the desk, or the gown;



lone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We're prepared! are we not? Queen's Own,
lone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We will march, will we not? Queen's Own,
gown; We are sure of good quarters and ra-tions Till the next time they need the Queen's Own

DULCE DOMUM.

(Winchester College). 17th Century

Mod-erato con moto

VOICE

Con - ci-na-mus o So - da - les E - jal quid si - le - mus
 3. Ap - pro-pin-quat ec - cel - fe - lix Ho - ra gau - di - o - - ram

PIANO

mf

No - bi - le can-ti-cum Dol-ce me-los Do - mum Dul - ce ho - mum re - so - ne-mus.
 Post gra-ve te-di-um Ad-venit om - ni - um Me - ta te - ti - - - - - la - ho - rum

dim.

CHORUS.

Do - mum. Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum, Do - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum

Dul - ce, Dul - ce, Dul - ce - Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum re - so - ne - mus

3. Massa l libros mitte, fessa;
 Mitte pene dura;
 Mitte negotium;
 Jam datur otium;
 Me mea misit cura.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

4. Ridet annus, prata ridet;
 Nosque rideamus.
 Jam repetit Domum
 Dulcis alvum;
 Nosque Dorum repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

5. Heu! Rogere, fer caballos:
 Ej! nunc eamus;
 Limon amabile,
 Matris et oscula,
 Suaviter et repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

6. Concinamus ad Penates;
 Vox et audiat;
 Phosphore! quid jubar,
 Sequus sinicas,
 Gambus nostra moratur?
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

HEIGHO, HEIGHO.

Presto. f

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -
 2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh - o, A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.
 o, heigh - o, Said she to me, "I'm a weav - er's maid," Heigho, heigh - o, heigh - o.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go,
 Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o,

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o

IT FOLLOWED

Arr. by CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Moderato.

p

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

p

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

p

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

p

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

p

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

Allegro.

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It

f

could -n't help but fol-low her 'Cause Ma-ry held the string!

f

could -n't help but fol-low her 'Cause Ma-ry held the string!

Unprovised local skits can be set to the above;
 Dean— is a busy man, a busy man, etc.
 He dabbles in psychiatry,
 He plays the fiddle too,
 You'd laugh to hear him cracking nuts;
 Look out, he may get you.

Taken by permission of Lorenz Publishing Co. from "In Lighter View"

TO THE NORTH TO THE LAND OF PINE

Words by M.O. KLOTZ.

Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, '89.

1. Hur - rah for the North with its hills of pine And its lakes with fir - fringed
 2. Who cares for the bi - ting blasts that blow From the pole, with their snow and
 3. Or, when soft - ly sighs the sum - mer breeze And all na - ture laughs with
 4. So give me my pad - dle and birch ca - noe, Cut me loose from Dame Grun - dy's de -

shores, Hur - rah for the streams that shim - mer and shine, Or toss their wild tor - rent down
 sleet, With a tent a - bove and spruce boughs be - low And a pipe to cheer ere to
 glee, When evn the trout will com - mune with the trees And the rug - ged old rocks whis - per
 cree, With tra - der and trap - per the wild North I'll woo, With noth - ing to fear there is

steep de - cline And sing in the ra - pids' roars, And sing in the ra - pids'
 rest we go, Who fears King Frost to meet? Who fears King Frost to
 low to the seas, Who'd not a bold North - man be? Who'd not a bold North - man
 nought I can't do, For the North is the land of the free, For the North is the land of the

CHORUS.
 roars.
 meet?
 be? Then come to the North, to the land of pine Come a - long, come a - long with
 free.

UP AND ON.

Words by JOHN OXENHAM

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88

1. Lives are in the
2. Fair be-fore us
3. Foes in plen-ty

mak-ing here Hearts are in the wak-ing here Might-y un-der-tak-ing here
lies the way Time for work and time for play Fill the mea-sure while we may
we shall meet Hearts cour-ag-eous scorn de-feat So we press with eag-er feet

Up! and on! We are arm-ing for the fight Press-ing on with
Life and time will not de-lay Time is run-ning
Ev-er on-ward to the fight Ev-er up-ward

all our might Plum-ing wings for high-er flight:
fast a-way Life is now, to-day, to-day! Up! and on!
to the light Ev-er true to God and Right

CHORUS

In march time.

Up boys! tru-est, tru-est fame Lies in high en-deav-our And play the
fame Lies in high

Play the game! Keep the flame burn-ing bright-ly ev-er up, then play the
game, the game!

*Alternative close for Chorus after
third stanza in place of previous two bars.*

game! Up, and on! Up, and on! and on!
game, the game! Up, and on! and on! Up, and on! and on!
Up, and on, and on Up, and on, and on!

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dam su - mus;
 2. U - bi sunt, qui au - te nos, In mun - do fu - e - re?

Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dam su - mus;
 U - bi sunt, qui au - te nos, In mun - do fu - e - re?

Post ju - ven - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,
 Tran - se - as ad su - pe - ros, A - be - as ad in - fe - ros,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.
 Quos oi vis vi - de - re, Quos si vis vi - de - re.

3. Vita nostra brevis est
 Brevis finietur,
 Venit mors velociter,
 Rapiit nos atrociter,
 Nemini parcetur.

4. Vivat academia,
 Vivant professores,
 Vivat membra quodlibet,
 Vivant membra quodlibet,
 Semper sint in flore.

5. Vivant omnes virgines
 Faciles, formosae!
 Vivant et mulieres,
 Tenere amabiles,
 Bonae, laboriosae.

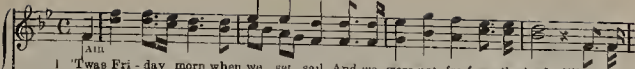
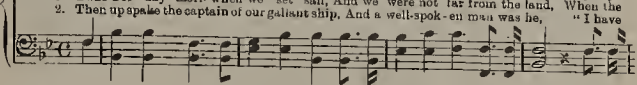
6. Quis confusus hodie
 Academicorum?
 Et longinquo conveniunt
 Protinusque successerunt
 In commune forum.

7. Alma mater floreat,
 Quae nos educavit,
 Caros et commilitones,
 Dissitas in regiones
 Eparsos, congregavit.

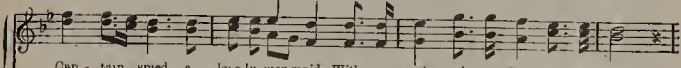
8. Vivat et republia
 Et qui illam regit,
 Vivat nostra civitas,
 Maecenatum caritas,
 Quae nos hio protegit.

9. Foreat tristitia
 Foreant ocores,
 Foreat diabolus,
 Quivis antibabrechius,
 Atque irrisores.

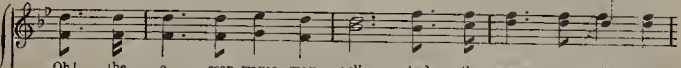
THE MERMAID.

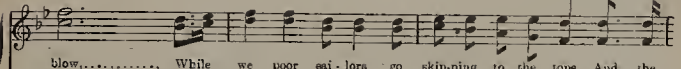
Tenors 
 Basses 

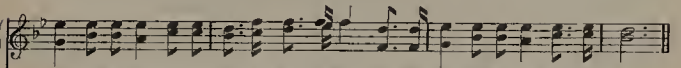
1. 'Twas Fri-day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
 2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well-spoken man was he, "I have


 Cap-tain spied a love-ly mer-maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand,
 mar-ried me a wife in Salem town And to-night she a wid-dow will be."

CHORUS.


 Oh! the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may


 blow,..... While we poor sail - ors go skip-ping to the tops, And the
 may blow,


 land - lubbers lie down be - low, be - low, be-low, And the land - lubbers lie down be - low.

3. Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And a fat old cook was he;
 "I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
 Than I do for the depths of the sea."—Chorus.

4. Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
 And a well-spoken laddie was he;
 "I've a father and mother in Boston city,
 But to-night they childless will be."—Chorus.

5. "Oh, the moon shines bright and the stars give light;
 Oh, my mammy she'll be looking for me;
 She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
 She may look to the bottom of the sea."—Chorus.

6. Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And three times around went she,
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And she sank to the depths of the sea."—Chorus.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco adagio.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

VOICE.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I

PIANO.

cot-ton fields a-way, Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know, I
 friends come not a-gain, Grief-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go? I
 held up-on my knee, Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe." Chorus.

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my

head is bend-ing low; I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe."

THE POACHERS OF LINCOLNSHIRE

Allegro.

Old English.

VOICE

1. When I was bound ap - pren - tice In fa - mous Lin - coln-

PIANO

p

shire, I served my mas - ter faith - ful - ly, For more than sev - en

year, Till I took up to poach - ing, As you shall quick - ly hear.

p *cres.*

CHORUS. All parts in unison.

For 'tis my delight of a shin - y night, in the sea - son of the year! year.

1st V 2nd

2. As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper—for him we didn't care;
For we can wrestle and fight my boys, jump over anywhere,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
3. As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popped her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did steer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
4. I threw her on my shoulders, and wandered through the town,
We took her to a neighbor's house, and sold her for a crown;
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
5. Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

TRADUCTION DE "GOD SAVE THE KING"

Version française par
Benjamin Sulte, Ottawa, Ont.

Dieu protège le Roi.
En lui nous avons foi,
Vive le Roi.
Qu'il soit victorieux
Et que son peuple heureux
Le comble de ses vœux.
Vive le Roi.

Qu'il règne de longs jours.
Que son nom soit toujours,
Notre secours.
Protecteur de la loi,
Et défenseur des droits,
Notre espoir est en toi,
Vive le Roi.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE.

Allegro.

1. Viv - o la Can - a - dien - ne Vo - le, mon cœur,
2. Nous la men-ons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur,

FINE.

vo - le, Viv - o la Can - a - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lie yeux doux.
vo - le, Nous la men-ons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

Solo 2 time.

D. C.

Et ses jo - lie yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lie yeux doux.
Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours. Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

3. Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère,
Et nous avons bon goût. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

4. On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour à tour. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

5. Alors toute la terre,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Alors toute la terre,
Nous appartenons en tout. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

6. Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Ainsi le temps se passe,
Il est vraiment bien doux. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

UN CANADIEN ERRANT.

Words by A. GÉRIN-LAJOIE (Nicolet Coll.), 1842.
With feeling.

Translated by B. NORTON JONES, '91.

1. Un Can - a - dien er - rant, Dun - ni - de ses joy - ers,
1. An ex - ile lons and sad, From Cau - a - da and home,
2. Un jour, triste et pen - sif, As - sis au bord des ruis -
2. One day, in pen - sive mood, - - Seat - ed a stream bo - side,

Par - cou - rant en pleu - rant, Des pa - ys é - tré - nés.
By fate, in fo - reign lands, Doom'd ev - er more to roam.
A cou - rant fu - gi - tif, Il a - dre - sa ses vœux;
To the fast flow - ing wave, Thus, weep - ing low, he cried:

Par - cou - rant en pleu - rant, Des pa - ys é - tré - nés.
By fate, in fo - reign lands, Doom'd ev - er more to roam.
A cou - rant fu - gi - tif, Il a - dre - sa ses vœux;
To the fast flow - ing wave, Thus, weep - ing low, he cried:

3. "Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va, dis à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.

4. "O jours si pleins d'appas
Vous êtes disparus,
Et ma patrie, hélas!
Je ne te verrai plus!

5. "Plongé dans les malheurs,
Loin de mes chers parents,
Je passe dans les pleurs
D'infortunés moments."

6. "Non, mais on expirant,
O mon cher Canada!
Mon regard languissant
Vers toi se portera."

3. "If thou, in onward course,
Should'st see my land, oh then,
Go, tell my friends that I
Mindful, of them remain.

4. "Oh hours so full of joy,
Fled with the years long o'er,
And thee, my native land,
I shall behold no more.

5. "Plunged in the depths of woe,
No friend to soothe appears;
The moments as they pass,
Bring only sighs and tears."

6. "When low within my breast,
Life a flick'ring spark shall burn,
To thee, oh Canada,
My aching eye shall turn."

EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

1st time Solo. Energico. FINE.

1. En rou-lant ma bon-le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou-le.

1st time Solo.

Des-rièr' chez nous ya t'un é-tang. En rou-lant ma bou-le.

Trois beaux can-ar-ds s'en vont baig-nant, rou-li, rou-lant, ma bou-le ron-lant.

CHORUS. (Humming)
1ST AND 2ND TENORS.

Hon hon, hon, hon hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon.

1ST AND 2ND BASSES.

2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

3. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
En roulant ma boule,
Vise le noir, tuez le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

5. Vise le noir, tuez le blanc.
En roulant ma boule,
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

6. O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

7. D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
Par dessus l'aile il perd son sang.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

8. Par dessus l'aile il perd son sang.
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sortent des diamants.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

9. Par les yeux lui sortent des diamants,
En roulant ma boule,
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

10. Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

11. Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dames s'en vont les ramassant.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

12. Trois dames s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

13. C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

MALBROUCK.

French-Canadian.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

1. Mal-brouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Ri too tra le, ri
 2. Il re - vien - dra-z-à l'A - ques, Ri too tra la, ri

PIANO.

rall

too tra la. Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Ne sait quand re - vien -
 too tra la. Il re - vien - dra-z-à l'A - ques, Ou à la Tri - ni -

ad lib. a tempo

dés, là bas, Con -
 té, là bas, Cou -

rit. CHORUS. a tempo
 1ST & 2ND TENOR

rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Pe - ti - te fill' jeune et gen -

1ST & 2ND BASS

rall a tempo.

til - le. Cou - rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Ven - ez ce soir Vous à miu Ser.....

3. La Trinité se pèse,
 Ri too tra la, etc.,
 La Trinité se pèse,
 Malbrouck ne revient pas, là bas.
4. Madame à sa tour monte,
 Ri too tra la, etc.,
 Madame à sa tour monte,
 Si haut qu'elle peut monter, là bas.
5. Elle aperçoit son page,
 Ri too tra la, etc.,
 Elle aperçoit son page
 Tout de noir habillé, là bas.

6. "Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
 Quell' nouvelle apportez?"
7. "Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,
 Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.
8. Quittez vos habits roses,
 Et vos satins brochés.
9. Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
 Est mort et enterré.
10. J'ai vu porter en terre,
 Par quatre-z-officiers."

MALBROUCK

101

Translated by John D. Spence, '89.
Malbrouck to the war is riding.
Ri-too-tra-la, Ri-too-tra-la.
Malbrouck to the war is riding,
In martial proud array.

Sirrah!
Hooray, hooray, hooray!
My little maid, charming and cheery.
Hooray, hooray, hooray!
Come let us dance, come let us play!

When shall he come a-riding,
Ri-too-tra-la, &c.
When shall he come a-riding,
A-riding back this way!

He'll come of an Easter morning,
Or in the month of May.

The month of May is over,
Malbrouck is still away.

His anxious wife is gazing
From turrets high and grey,

She sees his page arriving
In mournful black array.

Oh, tell me, page, oh, tell me,
What news you bring me, pray?

The tidings that I bring you
Will change your locks to grey,

Put off your rich apparel,
And all your garments gay,

Malbrouck is dead and buried,
Is dead and laid away.

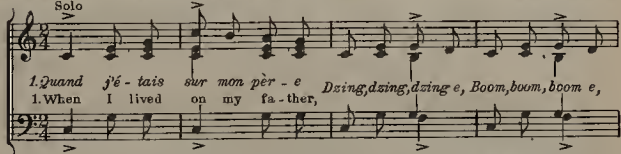
Four officers have borne him
To rest beneath the clay.

SUR MON PÈRE

English Version by JAS EDMUND JONES, '88.

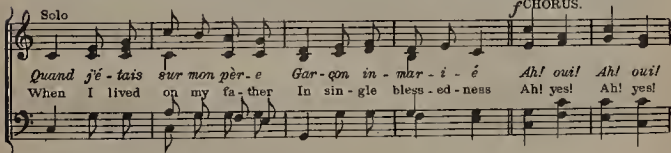
French-Canadian.

Solo



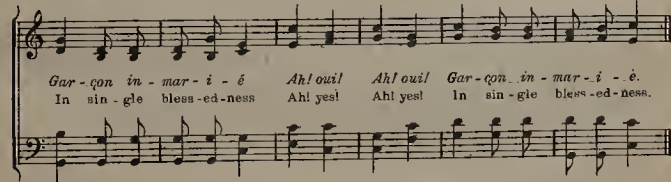
1. Quand j'é-tais sur mon père - e, *Daing, daing, daing e, Boom, boom, boom e,*
1. When I lived on my fa-ther,

Solo



Quand j'é-tais sur mon père - e Gar-çon in-mar-i-é Ah! ouï! Ah! ouï!
When I lived on my fa-ther In sin-gle bless-ed-ness Ah! yes! Ah! yes!

CHORUS.



Gar-çon in-mar-i-é Ah! ouï! Ah! ouï! Gar-çon in-mar-i-é.
In sin-gle bless-ed-ness Ah! yes! Ah! yes! In sin-gle bless-ed-ness.

2. Je n'avais rien à faire
Qu'une femme à chercher
3. A présent j'en ai une
Qui me fait enrager
4. Elle m'envoie à l'ouvrage
Sans boire et sans manger
5. Quand je reviens de l'ouvrage
Tout mouillé, tout glacé
6. Je demande à ma femme
Si j'ai de quoi manger
7. Va-tu manger du diable,
J'ai mangé des pâtés
8. Les os sont sous la table
Si tu veux les ronger.

2. Naught else to do in life
Than seek a charming wife.
3. Now have I surely had
One who nigh drives me mad.
4. Off to my work I'm sent
Sans food and aliment
5. And then when home I get
Starved quite with cold and wet.
6. I ask my wife, so sweet,
What I may have to eat
7. "May the devil that surmise;
I've eaten all the pies."
8. "Bones are beneath the table,
Knew them, if you are able."

LE BRIGADIER.

G. NADAUD.

Moderato.

Voice

1. Deux gen dar mes un berandi-man - cho, Chevan-chaient le long du sen-
 2. Ah! c'est un mé tier d'afi - ci - le, Garan - tir la pro - pri-é.

PIANO.

tier. I'un por - tait la sar-di-ne blan-cho, L'an - tro le jau-ne baudri-
 té. Dé - fen - dre les champs et la vil - le, Du vol et de l'i - ni-qui-

er. Le premier..... dit d'un ton so-no-re, Le temps est beau pour la sai-
 té. Pour-tant l'é pou-se que j'a-do-re, Re-po-ss seule à la mai-

CHORUS, (in unison).

1st AND 2ND TENOR.

son. pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, Fran, pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan. Brig-a-

Fran,

dier..... répondit Pan-do - - re, Bri - ga - dier, vous avez rai - son..... Bri - ga -
 1ST AND 2ND BASS.
 Bri - ga - dier, Pan - do - re, vous a - vez rai -

dier..... ré - pondit Pan - do - - re, Bri - ga - dier, vous a - vez rai - son.
 son, Brig - a - dier. Pan - do - re,

3. Le gloire c'est une couronne
 Faite de rose et de laurier.
 J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone;
 Je suis époux et brigadier;
 Mais je pourrais es méflore
 Qui vers Chalosse guida Jason.
 Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
 Brigadier, vous avez raison.

4. Phébus au bout de sa carrière
 Put encore les apérovoir;
 Le brigadier, de sa voix sère,
 Réveillait les échos du soir:
 Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore
 Ces verts coteaux, à l'horizon.
 Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
 Brigadier, vous avez raison.

5. Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
 On n'entendit plus que le pas
 Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
 Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
 Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
 On entendit un vague son:
 Brigadier, répondit Pandore, } bis.
 Brigadier, vous avez raison.

LE BRIGADIER.

Translated by W. MacLennan, in McGill University Song Book, 1886.

1
 Two men-at-arms came riding slowly
 Adown the green path, smooth and clear;
 One held the rank of sergeant lowly,
 The other that of Brigadier.
 The Brigadier cried, "Brave Pandore,
 The weather's fine—no signs of rain."

Chorus—
 Pan, pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,
 Pan, pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,
 Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."
 "Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

2
 "It is no easy matter surely
 To guard the pennant in his cot,
 To hold the cities so securely
 That thieves break in and plunder not;
 And yet the wife whom I adore
 In safety dwells while love doth reign."
 "Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

6
 He ceased—and now their horses' tramping
 Fell softly on the yielding ground,
 And save their iron bridles champing,
 They passed along and made no sound.
 But when Aurora smiled once more,
 One still might hear the faint refrain:
 "Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

3
 "For Glory's wreath of fairest flowers,
 With rose and laurel intertwined;
 For Love and War, immortal powers,
 I live—and cast the rest behind.
 The star that Jason led of yore
 I chase and trust the prize to gain."
 "Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

4
 "It brings bright days of youth before me,
 That past now gone beyond recall,
 When Beauty hung her fetters o'er me,
 I came submissive to her call.
 And yet the heart breaks o'er and o'er,
 The strongest links of Cupid's chain."
 "Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

5
 As Phoebus hid his glories under
 The golden clouds that veil the West,
 Our hero with his voice of thunder,
 Still broke the evening's quiet rest.
 "Farewell," he cried, "on distant shore
 Your light will gild both hill and plain."
 "Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

At Carillon (now Ticonderoga), on Lake Champlain, Montcalm in 1758 drove back the English forces under General Abercrombie. A French soldier, after a vain attempt to rouse his nation to a sense of the danger in which their possessions on this continent were placed, returns to the scene of his former victory, and is supposed there to give utterance to the words of the song.

Words by OCTAVE GRÉMAZIE.

Translation by E. MORTON JONES, '91.

CHARLES W. SABATIER.

Arr. by T. MARTENS.

Largement. Solo.

O Car-il-lon, je te re-vois en-co - re, Non plus, hélas! comme en ces jours bé-nis,
1. O Car-il-lon, to thee once more return-ing, Sad - ly I gaze on thy fan-tal - iar wall;
2. Mes compa-gnons, d'u-ne vaine ex-pe-ran - ce, Ber - çent en cor leurs cœurs tou-jours fran-çais,
2. In vain my com-ra-des' cheeks are warmly glow-ing, In vain they hail with dreams of home their pain,

Piano

Où, dans tes murs, la trom-pe-te son-ne, Pour te san-ter nous a-rait ré-u-nis.
Not as of yore, when hearts with ardor burn-ing I throng'd thee to save at the loud Engle-ox.
Les yeux tournés du co-té de la Fran-ce, Ils vont sou-rire: ils vien-dront-ils ja-mais?
In vain to France their heart is ev-er go-ing, Filled with this hope, "Will they come back a-gain?"

CHORUS. Agitato.

Je riens... à toi quand mon â-me... suc-cess - he
To thee... I come when low my heart... is beat - ing,
L'Es - poir - si - on con - se - la - ra... leur vi - é;
This hope... tho' vain, will be their con - so-la - tion,

Agitato.

Noble Montcalm, thou gavest me this standard,
 'Midst shot and shell upon thy battle plain,
 Bearing it, lately to Versailles I wandered,
 But there, alas! I usurped it in vain.
 Back now I place it where the resolution
 Of thy great deeds shall ne'er fade or grow sore,
 And unto death, until last my deep affection,
 Guarding my flag I come to perish here.

3. Thrice happy they to whom by fate I was given,
 'Midst the brave throng near Levi's height to die
 For them the cloud by om' glad ray was given,
 Glory could sweeten their sad destiny,
 To whose awlumber till the great awaiting,
 On whom I call with dying accents clear,
 Awake! my banner in my hand I'm taking,
 Upon your graves I come to perish here.

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

Et vent... de-jà son... cou-ra - ge fai - Mir,
 When cou - rage fails, and... all a-round la deat,
 Moi, sans... es-poir, quand... mes jours ont fin - ir,
 But when at last my long - ly death is near,

Oui, près... de toi... ve - nant cher - cher... ma tom - be,
 Yes! near... to thee... my death more brave - ly meet - ing,
 Et sans... at - tendre... u - ne pa - role a - mi - e,
 Naught shall be mine... of friend - ship's ad - mir - a - tion,

Pour mon... dra peau je viens... i-ci... mourir...
 Guard - ing my flag, I come... to per - ish here.

3. Cet étendard, qu'au grand jour des batailles,
 Noble Montcalm, tu plaças dans ma main,
 Cet étendard qu'aux portes de Versailles,
 Noguère, hélas! je déployais en vain.
 Je te remets aux champs où de la gloire
 Vivra toujours l'immortel souvenir,
 Et dans ma tombe emportant ta mémoire,
 Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

4. Qu'ils sont heureux ceux qui dans la mêlée
 Près de Lévis moururent en soldats!
 En expirant, leur âme consolée,
 Voyait la gloire adoucir leur trépas.
 Vous qui dormez dans votre froide bière,
 Vous que j'implore à mon dernier soupir,
 Reculez-vous! Apportez ma bannière,
 Sur vos tombeaux, je viens ici mourir.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

Lively.

1. A la clai - re fon - tai - ne, M'en al - lant pro - nus - ner, J'ai trou - vé l'eau si bel - le.
 2. J'ai troo - vé l'eau si bel - le, Que je m'y suis baig - né, Sous les feuil - les d'un ché - ne
 3. Soule - ve il les d'un ché - ne Je m'a - sus fait é - cher, Sur la plus hau - te bran - che
 4. Sur la plus hau - te bran - che Le ros - sig - nol chan - tait. Chan - te, ros - sig - nol chan - te

CHORUS.

Que je m'y suis baig - né,
 Je m'a - sus fait é - cher
 Le ros - sig - nol chan - tait.
 Toi qui as le cœur gai;
 Lui ya longtemps que j'ai - me, Ja - mais je ne t'oub - lier - ai.

5. Chante, rossignol, chante,
 Toi qui as le cœur gai;
 Tu ne le cœur à rire,
 Moi, je l'ai - t - à pleurer.
 Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

6. Tu as le cœur à rire,
 Moi, je l'ai - t - à pleurer.
 J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
 Sans l'avoir mérité.
 Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

7. J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
 Sans l'avoir mérité,
 Pour un bouquet de roses,
 Quo je lui refusai.
 Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

8. Pour un bouquet de roses,
 Quo je lui refusai.
 Je voudrais que la rose
 Fût encore au rosier.
 Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

9. Je voudrais que la rose
 Fût encore au rosier,
 Et moi et ma maîtresse
 Dans les mêmes amitiés.
 Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

Translated by John D. Spence, '89.

1
 Down where the spring is sparkling,
 Idling the summer day,
 Found I the pool so pleasant,
 Plunged in its cooling spray.
 Love, I have loved you ever,
 Love, I shall love for aye.

2
 Found I the pool so pleasant,
 Plunged in its cooling spray,
 Then in the oakwood shadows,
 Resting my limbs, I lay.

3
 Then in the oakwood shadows,
 Resting my limbs, I lay,
 High on the topmost branches
 Song-sparrows sing and away.

4
 High on the topmost branches
 Song-sparrows sing and away.
 Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
 Light is your heart and gay.

5
 Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
 Light is your heart and gay.
 Your heart is full of laughter,
 Mine full of tears to-day.

6
 Your heart is full of laughter,
 Mine full of tears to-day.
 My love is lost me ever,
 Gone from my life away.

7
 My love is lost me ever,
 Gone from my life away.
 Just for a bunch of roses,
 Snatched from her hand in play.

8
 Just for a bunch of roses,
 Snatched from her hand in play.
 Oh, were the bunch of roses
 Back in its garden gay.

9
 Oh, were the bunch of roses
 Back in its garden gay.
 Oh, that my love would love me,
 Love me as yesterday.
 Love, I have loved you ever,
 Love, I shall love alway.

ALOUETTE.

Moderato. mf

French-Canal. ad.

VOICE.

1. A - lon - et - te, gen - tile A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai,

PIANO.

CHORUS.

2ND TENORS.

Je te plu - me - rai la tête, je te plu - me - rai la tête, et la tête, O.....

CHORUS. f

1ST TEN.

et la tête, O.....

1ST BASS.

END BAS.

f

A - lon - et - te, gen - tile A - lou - et - te, A - lon - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.

A - lon - et - te, gen - tile A - lou - et - te, A - lon - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.

2. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

3. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

4. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

5. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le bec, et le bec,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

6. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le bec, et le bec, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

* Repeat this bar once for 2nd verse, twice for 3rd, etc.

English words by Louis E. Elson

Pretty skylark, winging, singing skylark
Pretty skylark, I shall pluck thee now.
I begin to pluck the head, etc.
Now the head, pretty skylark.

SAIL, SAIL, MY BARK CANOE.

F. E. SEYMOUR, '64.

Afr.—"Dir. Pav"

Voice.

1. Where the pine tree way - eth, And the lake-let blue Rock - y beaches
2. When the sun is sink - ing 'Neath the lot - ty pines, We of dinner

Piano

hav - eth, Sail our merry crew. In our island dwell - ing We make hol - i
think - ing, Take our hooks and lines, Slowly past the rocky shore Troll we, not in

day;
vain. Joys beyond all tell - ing Ban-ish care a - way.
With pook - er - el and bass galore We hasten back a - gain.

CHORUS.

Sail, sail, my bark ca-noe, O'er Jo-seph's wa-ters blue! Haste to the kind and true,

SAIL, SAIL, MY BARK CANOE.

Ere daylight's o'er..... Sail, sail, my shift so light! Sail, sail, for the

land's in sight; And the camp-fire throws its red-dy light! A long the rock-y shore!

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system also has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

3. In the mellow gloaming
Rings our dinner bell;
Weary with our roaming,
We like the sound full well,
And when we've done our dining,
In kilmarnocks bright
Round the fire reclining,
We spend a jolly night.

4. Or should skies most glorious,
Tempt once more to stray,
Moonbeams dancing o'er us,
Light each rock-bound bay;
Maidens fair, with eyes of light,
Freight our shallops frail;
And far beneath the Queen of Night
We merrily sing and sail.

Tune.—Vine Page 22.

AULD LANG SYNE.

BURNS.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?
We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

3. We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
4. Then here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Chorus,

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

BONNIE DOON.

Words by BURNS, 1792.

Tune.—"LOST IS MY QUIET FOREVER."

1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How
 2. Oft have I strayed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; Where
 can ye chaunt ye lit - tle birds, And I saw wes - ry, full of care? You'll
 il - ka bird sang o' his love, And fond - ly saw did I of mine, With
 break my heart ye lit - tle birds, That wan - ton through the flow'r - ing thorn; Ye
 lightsome heart I pulled a rose, Full sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; But
 mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re - turn.
 my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me.

THE TARPAULIN JACKET.

Moderato e tranquillo.

VOICES. 1. A tall stal - wart Lan - cer lay dy - ing, And
 PIANO *p*

THE TARPAULIN JACKET.

as on his deathbed he lay,..... To his friends who a-round him were

sighing, These last dy-ing words he did say.....

CHORUS. *mf*

Wrap me up in my tar-pan-lla jac-ket, jac-ket, And say a poor

rit. e dim. *a tempo*

buff-er lies low, lies low, And six stal-wart Lan-cers shall carry me,

mf *dim.*

car-ry me, With steps so-ber-n, mourn-ful, and slow.....

2. Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay in and die.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

3. Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a pen-knife and scratch there
"Here lies a poor buffer below."
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

4. And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

5. And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow
And the darkening shadows are fallow,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

A-ROVING.

Allegretto, mf SOLO CHORUS SOLO

Voice. At number three Old England Square, Mark well what I do say; At

PIANO

number three Old England Square, My Nancy Dawson she lived there. And I'll go no more a-

rov - ing With you, fair maid!

CHORUS

A - - ro - v - ing! A - - ro - v - ing! Since

rov - ing's been my ru - i - n, I'll go no more a ro - v - ing With you, fair maid!

2. My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

3. I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkes,
With pockets lined with good monie;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

4. Oh! didn't I tell her stories true,
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her who's pers too!
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

5. But when we'd spent my blooming "screw,"
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo,
She cut her stick and vanished too;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Tempo di marcia.

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

VOICE.

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground. Give us a song to
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground. Thinking of days go e
 3. We're tired of war on the old Camp ground. Man-y are dead and
 4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground. Man-y are ly-ing

PIANO.

choer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so
 by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good-
 goes Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been woulded
 near: Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Many are in

dear,
 bye!"
 long,
 tears.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to

cease, Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old Camp ground
 pp Last verse. Dy-ing to-night, (lento) ppp Dy-ing on the old Camp ground.

ROSALIE.

Moderato.

VOICE

1. Je suis Pierre le bon ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I
 2. At this fête de Ma - dame la Mar - quise, la Mar - quise, I
 3. Je suis le grand beau de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm

PIANO

drink the di - vine eau de vie, eau de vie, I drive in the Bois in my
 first felt e - nough at my ease, at my ease, To go to her père and de -
 called by les dames très jol - i, très jol - i, When I go out of doors my

poco rit.

lit - tle cou - pé, And I tell you I'm something to see.
 mand for my own, The hand of my sweet Ros - a - a - lie.
 friends by the scores, Say "Com - ment ça va mon a - mi"

a tempo

I care not what others may say, I'm in

ROSALIE.

love with my Ros - a - lie..... Sweet Rose..... Lit - tie

piano

Rose..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.

colla voce.

CHORUS. Accompaniment same as for last sixteen bars of Solo.

1st TENOR. *mf*
Alto.
I care..... not what o - thers may say. I'm in

1st BASS.
2nd BASS.

love with my Ros - a - lie..... Sweet Rose. Sol - tie

Rose..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.

rit.

KINGDOM COMING.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Andante.

VOICER.

1. Say, dar - keys hab you seen de mas - ss, Wid de muff - stash on his
 2. He six foot one way, two foot tud - der; An' he weigh tree hun - dred

PIANO.

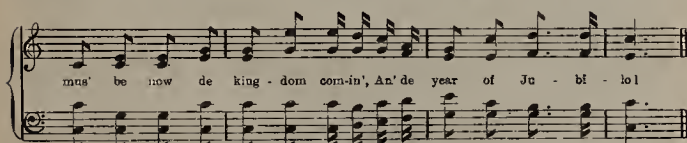
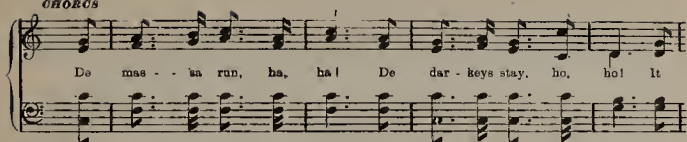
face. Go long de road come time dis mornin', Like he gwine to leab de place? He
 pound His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor An' it won't go half way round. He

seen a smoke, way up de ribber, Whar de Link-um gun - boats lay; He
 drill so much dey call him Cap'an, An' he get so dref - ful tanned. I

took his hat, an' lef ber-ry end-den, An' I spec he's run a - way!
 spec he try and fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con - tra - hand!

KINGDOM COMING.

GROES



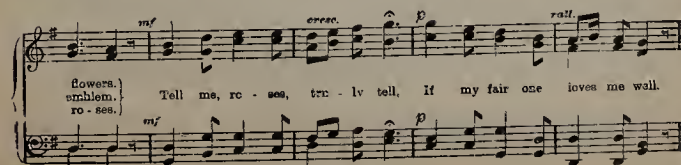
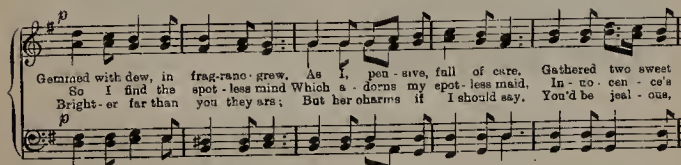
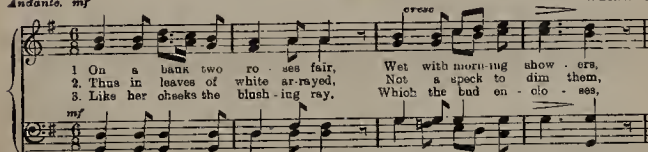
3. De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing
In de log-house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfucated
When de Linkum sojers come.—Chorus.

4. De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he drible us round a spell;
We look him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better,
Dau to went an' run away.—Chorus.

THE TWO ROSES.

Andante. *mf*

WERNER.



CAMPING SONG.

Word. by W. H. ELLIS, '07.

Tune.—"WANDERLIED."

VOICES.

1. We have left far be - hind us the dwell - ings of men, We have
 2. On the lone rug - ged rocks a rich ta - ble we spread, The
 3. When the or - i - ent hues of the dawn - ing of day, Em-

PIANO.

tra - versed the for - est, the lake and the fen; From is - land to
 moss and the brac - ken af - ford us a bed; While the gleam of our
 bla - zon the clouds and smile back from the bay, We spring from our

is - land like sea - birds we roam, The waves are our path, and the
 camp-fire il - lu - mines the sky, And the murmur - ing pines sing a
 couch like the stag from his lair, And drink in new life with the

world is our home, From is - land to is - land like sea - birds we
 soft lul - la - by. While the gleam of our camp-fire il - lu - mines the
 free morn-ing air. We spring from our couch like a stag from his

CAMPING SONG.

J

roam, The waves are our path, and the world is our home, is our home.
 sky, And the murmur-ing pines sing a soft lul-la-by. lul-la-by.
 lair, And drink in new life with the fresh morn-ing air, morning air.

CHORUS. *mf*

1ST & 2ND TENORS.

Ju-vi-val-le-ra, Ju-vi-val-le-ra, Ju-vi-val-le-ra! le-ral-le-

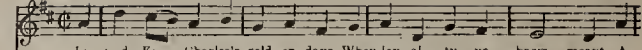
BASS. *mf*

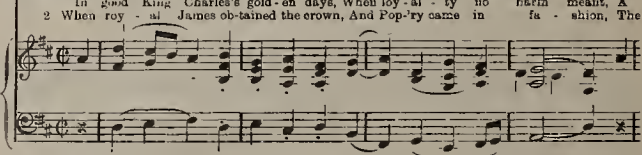
ra! Ju-vi-val-le-ra, Ju-vi-val-le-ra, Ju-vi-val-le-ral-le-ral-le-ra!


4. Then we launch our light bark on the silvery lake,
 That dimples and breaks into smiles in our wake;
 While we sweeten our toil with a tale or a song,
 Or rest while the winds waft us bravely along.
 Juvivallera, &c.
5. At night when the deer to the thicket has fled,
 And the scream of the nighthawk is heard overhead,
 We startle with laughter the wilderness dim,
 Or the forests resound with our evening hymn.
 Juvivallera, &c.
6. Then hurrah for the north, with its woods and its hills!
 Hurrah for its rooks, and its lakes, and its rills!
 And long may its forests be lovely as now,
 Untouched by the axe and unscathed by the plow!
 Juvivallera, &c.

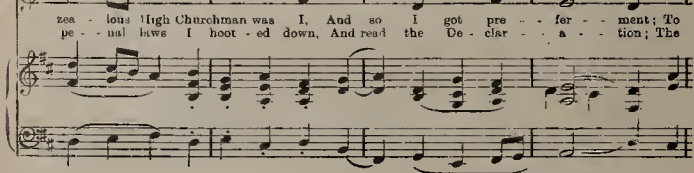
THE VICAR OF BRAY.

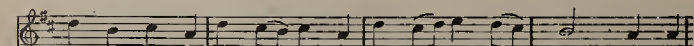
*Marcato.**Air - 17th Century.*

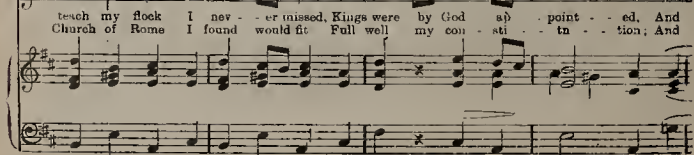
Voice:  In good King Charles's gold-en days, When loy-al-ty no harm meant, A
2 When roy-al James ob-tained the crown, And Pop-ry came in fa-shion, The


Piano: 

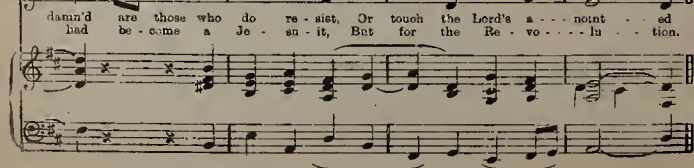
 zea-lous High Churchman was I, And so I got pre-fer-ment; To
pe-nal laws I hoot-ed down, And read the De-clar-a-tion; The



 teach my flock I nev-er missed, Kings were by God ap-point-ed, And
Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my con-sti-tu-tion; And



 damn'd are those who do re-sist, Or touch the Lord's a-mount-ed
had be-come a Je-su-it, But for the Re-vol-u-tion.



THE VICAR OF BRAY.

CHORUS.

And this is law, I will maintain, Un - til my dy - ing day, Sir, That what so - ev - er

King may reign, Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir. *PIANO.*

3. When William was our King declared,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
But conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.
4. When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
By each prevarication.
And this is law &c.

5. When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus, preferment I procured,
From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.
6. The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession—
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be,
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

Alllegretto. In unison.

ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES FROM KUCER

VOICE.

1. See these rib - - - hous - - - gay - - - ly stream - - - ing, I'm a
2. We will march a - - way to - - mor - - row, At the
3. Shams, Lizette, to still be weep - - - ing, While there's

PIANO.

cresc.

sol - - diar now, Li - zette, I'm a sol - - diar now, Li - zette, And of bat - - tle
break - - ing of the day, At the break - - ing of the day, And the tram - - pets
fame is store for me, While there's fame in store for me, Think when home I

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

I am dream - - - ing, And the hon - or I shall get
 will be sound - - - ing, And the mer - ry cym - - - Hale play.
 am re - - - turn - - - ing, What a joy - ful day 'twill be.

f

1st TENOR.

AIR.

With a sa - bre at my side, And a hel - met on my brow, And a proud deed to
 Yet be - fore I say good - bye, And a last ad parting take, As a proof of your
 When to church you're fondly led, Like some la - dy smartly dressed, And a he - ro you shall

1st BASS.

2ND BASS.

ride, I shall rush on the foe, Yes, I flat - ter me, Lizette, 'Tis a lie that well will
 love, Wear this gift for my sake. Then cheer up, my own Lizette, Let not grieve your beauty
 wed, With a mead on his breast. Hal there's not a maiden fair, But with welcome will es -

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

cresc.

suit The gay life of a young re - cruit..... The gay life of a
 attain: Soon you'll see your re - cruit a - gain..... Soon you'll see your re -
 late The gay bride of the young re - cruit..... The gay bride of the

mf. *cresc.* *f*

young re - cruit..... } De-rum, De-rum, drum, drum, drum, drum.....
 cruit a - gain..... } drum..... drum, drum,
 young re - cruit..... } drum, drum *sempre staccato*

..... Think of me love in your dream - ing, De-rum, de-rum, drum,
staccato drum.....

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

drum, drum, drum..... And the mean - ing of my drum!... ..
drum, drum, drum.

The musical score for 'The Young Recruit' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'drum, drum, drum..... And the mean - ing of my drum!... .. drum, drum, drum.' The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a steady eighth-note pattern.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Poco lento.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSBER.

Voces.

1. Round de meadows am a - ring - ing, De dar - keys' mouro - ful song.
2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, 'Cause he was so kind,

The vocal part of the score is in G major and 2/4 time. It contains three verses of lyrics. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

PIANO.

While de mocking-bird am sing - ing, Happy as de day am long
hard to hear old massa cali - ing, Cause he was so weak and old.
Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning 'cause he leave dem behind. I

The piano accompaniment is in G major and 2/4 time. It features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The score includes lyrics for the first two verses and a final line 'I'.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Where de i-vy am a - creep - - ing, O'er de grass - y mound,
Now de orange tree am bloom - - ing, On da sand - y shore,
can - - not work before to - mor - - row, 'Cause de tear-drop flow, I

Dare ole massa ain a - sleep - - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days are con - - ing, Mas - ea nubber calls no more,
try to drive a - way my sor - - row, Pick-in' on de old ban - - jo.

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd Voices.

Down in de corn - - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound,

All the darkeya ain a - weep - - ing, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

A CAPITAL SHIP. *

Arranged for Male Voices.

SOLO

VOICE.

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o-cean trip Was the Wallop-ing Win-dow
 2. The bo-tain's mate was very se-date. Yet fond of a-muse-ment
 3. The cap-tain sat on the commodore's bat. And dined in a roy-al

PIANO.

Blind. No wind that blow dismayed her crew, Or troubled the cap-tain's mind. The
 too; He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch, While the captain he tickled the crew! And the
 way Off toast-ed pigs and pickles and figs And gunnery bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow. Thought it
 gunner we had was ap-parent-ly mad, For he sat on the af-ter-ra-ail. And
 took was Dutch, and behaved as such; For the dist he gave the crew-aw-ow. Was a

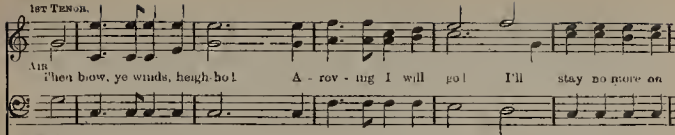
often ap-peared when the gale had cleared. That he'd been in his bunk be-low.
 fired as-lutes with the cap-tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale.
 number of tons of hot cross buns Served up with su-gar and glue.

* By permission of Mr. John Blackman & Co., London, Eng.

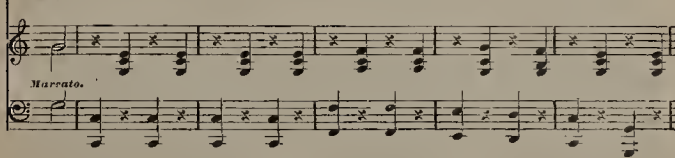
A CAPITAL SHIP.

CHORUS.

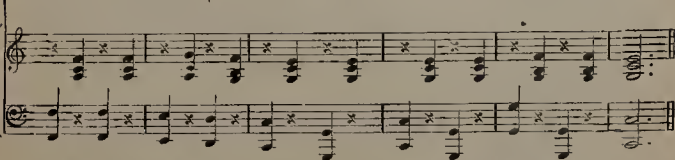
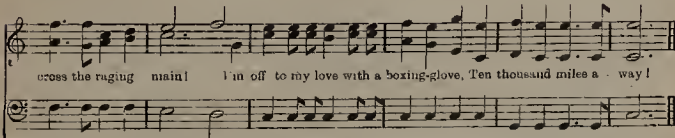
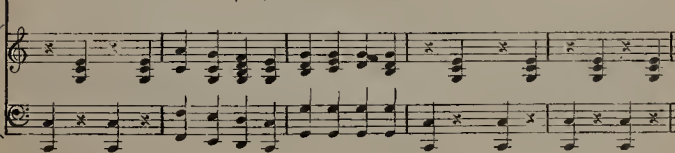
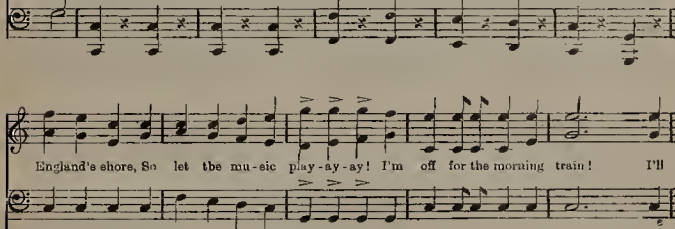
1ST TENOR.



2ND BASS.



Marrato.



4. All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Ouliffy fies, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubby Uddings roar
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge,
And shot at the whistling bee-sees;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof bats
As they dipped in the shin sea.—Chorus.

5. On Rugby bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly abrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torrible Zone,
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-sees;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugby tree.—Chorus.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Words by BEN. JONSON.

Harmonised by THEO. MARTENS.

Slowly.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine:....
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,.....

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;... The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er'd be..... But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine.....
 thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,....

But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would no change for thine...
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.....

Arr.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

1. Faintly as tells the evening chime, Our voices keep time and our oars keep time.... Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;... There
 3. O - ta - wa tide! this trembling moon Shall a c - os float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,.... Shall

voi - ces keep time and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore Oh,
 see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green lake, hear our prayer,

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

cres. - - *cres.* - - *dim.* *tr.* *f* *sf* *f*

sung at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
sweet-ly we'll rest our wea-ry oar. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
Grant us cool heav'n's and fav-'ring air. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The

f *dim.* *f* *sf* *dim.*

rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.

STARS TREMBLING O'ER US.

Andante.

D. M. MULOCH.

1. Stars trem-bling o'er us, And sun-set be-fore us, Moun-tain in shad-ow and
2. Come not, pale sor-row, flee, flee to-mor-row. Rest soft-ly fall-ing o'er
3. As the waves cov-er The depths we glide o-ver So let the past in for-

for-est a - sleep. } Down the dim riv-er We float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah,
eye-lids that weep; }
get-ful-ness sleep.

breathes not! there's peace on the deep, Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

In this song, an old Dutch musician tells his friend, Johnny Schmoker, about the instruments upon which he can play, and describes them by motions while he sings. The motions are made only when the words describing the instruments are sung, as, for example, at "Rub, a dab, a dub," the roll of the drum is imitated, beginning - as in the case of all the instruments - with the first and ending exactly with the last word. At "Filly, willy, wink," the hands are placed as if playing the fife, and only the fingers move; at "Tie, knock, knock," the right hand strikes three times under the left, as if playing the triangle; at "Bom, bom, bom," the hand is moved forward and back, as if playing the trombone; and so on to the last, which is imitated by crooking both arms and striking with them against the sides, as if playing the bagpipe.

Allegretto.

G. F. ROOT.

1. John - ny Schmo-ker, John - ny Schmo-ker, Ich kann spiel - en, ich kann
2. John - ny Schmo-ker, John - ny Schmo-ker, Ich kann spiel - en, ich kann

spiel - en, Ich kann spiel mein klei - ne Drummel. Rub a dab a dub, das ist mein
spiel - en, Ich kann spiel mein klei - ne

Drummel. Fi - fe. Filly willy wink, das ist mein Fi - fe, Rub a dab a dub, das ist mein

Drummel. Mein Rub a dab a dub, mein Filly willy wink, Das ist mein Fi - fe.

3. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein klein Triangel.
Tie knock knock, das ist Triangel.
Filly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dab a dub, das ist mein Drummel.

Mein Rub a dab a dub, mein Filly willy wink,
Mein Tie knock knock, das ist Triangel.

4. Johnny Schmoker Johnny Schmoker.
Ich kann spielen Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Trombone

JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tio knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tio knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Das ist mein Trombone.

6. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Cymbal.
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tio knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tio knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal.

6. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Viol.
Fal la la la, das ist mein Viol,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,

Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tio knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tio knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein Fal la la la,
Das ist mein Viol.

7. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Toodle-Sach.
Whack whack whack, das ist mein Toodle-Sach,
Fal la la, das ist mein Viol,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tio knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tio knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein Fal la la la,
Mein Whack whack whack,
Das ist mein Toodle-Sach.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Andante, $\text{♩} = 66$.*p* 1st & 2nd Tenor.

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, What

p 1st & 2nd Bass.

crescendo e poco accel.

then what'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me, Fare-
spear and pen - non glance - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing, Fare-
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft while dy - ing, Fare-
cresc.

tranquillo e molto espress.

well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

Allegro moderato.

From the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

Voices.

1. Here's to the maid-on of bash-ful fit-teen, Here's to the wi-dow of shif-ty,
 2. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize, Now to the maid who has nose, sir;
 3. Here's to the maid with a bo-som of snow, Now to her that's as brown as a ber-ry;

Piano.

Here's to the daunt-ing ex-trav-a-gant quean, And here's to the house-wife that's thrif-ty.
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe, And here's to the dam-sel that's mer-ry.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war-rant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

CHORUS.

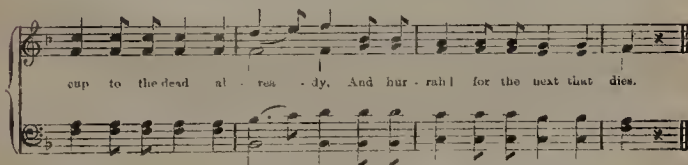
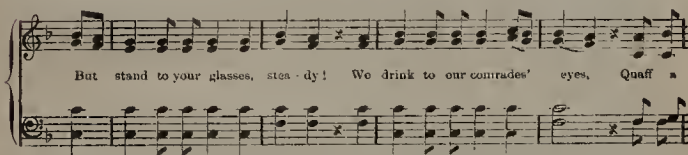
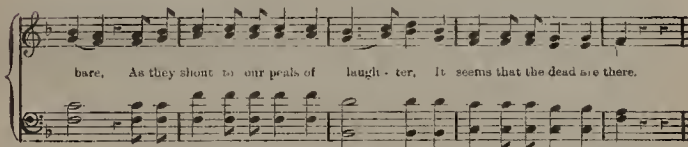
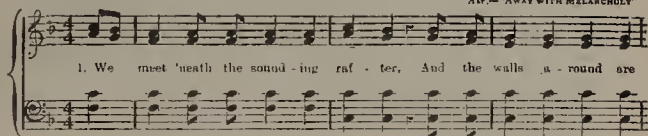
ff Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war-rant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.

brillante.

REVELRY OF THE DYING.

Written by a British officer in India, at a time when the plague was hourly sweeping off his companions. He did not long survive his wonderful production.

Air.—"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY"



2. Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkle,
As mute as the wine we drink
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that respite buys;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.
3. There's a mist on the glass congealing;
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapour flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

4. Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.
5. Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize,
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies.

AWAY, AWAY, AWAY!

Words by B. MORTON JONES '91.

Adapted from DE BÉRIOT.

Allegretto. p

1. Air - i - ly float we with gen - uine swing, Out o'er the waters our voi - ces ring;
2. Out o'er the waters with dip - ping blade, By thoughts of the mor - row un - die - mayed,
2. Ripples of laugh - ter our plea - sure tell, 'Tis sweeter than rambling by wood and dell,

inf Joy - ful - ly, sweet - ly, we sing, we sing, A - way! a - way! a - way!
Sorrow and sad - ness a - side are laid, A - way! a - way! a - way!
Gaily to ride o'er the heav - ing swell, A - way! a - way! a - way!

f animato. A - way, a - way, o'er the wa - ters clear, *rit. e dim.* A - way, a - way, a - way! *p a tempo* Where the

moon - light streams in ra - diant beams, Glim - mer - ing far and near.....
and near.

AURA LEE.

Dolce. p cresc.
VOICES
1. As the black-bird, in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree, Sat and piped, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born, And her soft blue eyes, Like the dew - y
3. Like a sun - lit rippling brook, Was her laughing voice, From her eyes one

PIANO. cresc.

AURA LEE.

cresc. *CHORUS.*

heard him sing, Sing-ing Au-ra Lee.....
 flowers of morn, Shone with glad sur-prise.....
 gold-en lock Made the world re-joice..... Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee!

cresc. *mf*

cresc. *p*

Maid of gold-en hair! Sunshine came a-long with thee, And swallows in the air....

cresc. *p*

FORSAKEN AM I.

1ST & 2ND TENOR. *pp Slow.* *KOSCHAT.*

1. For-sak-en, for-sak-en, For-sak-en am I! Like a stone by the road-side, All
 2. A mound's in that churchyard, Fair buds o'er it break, And there sleeps my dar-ling, And

Am

1ST & 2ND BASS

men pass me by; I go to a graveyard, No hope my heart cheers, There sad-ly I
 will not a-wake; Each day do I stay there, To weep by the stone, And bit-ter-ly

ff

p *ff* *p*

kneel me, And shed bit-ter tears, There sad-ly I kneel me, And shed bit-ter tears
 feel there That on earth I'm a-lone, And bit-ter-ly feel there That on earth I'm a-lone

I'VE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

C. A. WHITE.

allegretto. Not too fast.

Voces.

1. I've gwine back to Dix - ie No more I've gwine to
 2. I've hood in fields of cot - ton, I've worked up - on the
 3. I'm trav - ling back to Dix - ie, My step is slow and

PIANO.

wan - der, My heart's turn'd back to Dix - ie, I can't stay here no
 riv - er, I used to think if I got off I'd go back there no
 fee - ble, I pray the Lord to help me, And lead me from all

lo - g - er. I miss de ole plan - ta - tion, My home and my re -
 nor - er. But time has changed the old man, His head is bend - ing
 e - vil. And should my strength for - sake me, Then, kind friends come and

la - tion, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.
 low..... His heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And he must go.
 take me, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.

CHORUS.

I've gwine back to Dix - ie, I've gwine back to Dix - ie, I've

USE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

1st & 2nd TENORS. As sung at VALE.

1. Stars of the summer night, Far in you a - zure deeps,

1st & 2nd BASS.

Or in key of A flat.

Hide, hide your gold - en light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,

She..... sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

ad lib.

calling, I see their sad tears falling. My heart's turn'd back to Dixie, And I must go.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

1st & 2nd TENORS. As sung at VALE.

1. Stars of the summer night, Far in you a - zure deeps,

1st & 2nd BASS.

Or in key of A flat.

Hide, hide your gold - en light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,

She..... sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

coll. *pp*

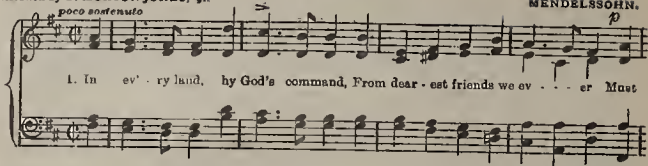
2. Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
3. Wind of the summer night,
Where yon fer waulbins croop,
Furl, furl your pinions light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
4. Dreams of the summer night,
Toll her for lover keeps,
Watch, while in slumber light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

Translation by R. MORTON JONES, '91.

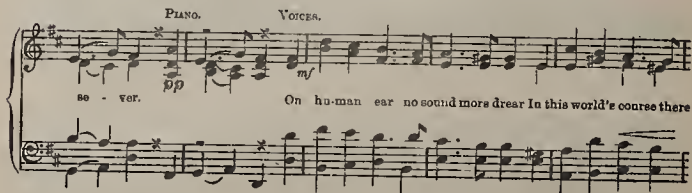
MENDELSSOHN.

Poco sostenuto



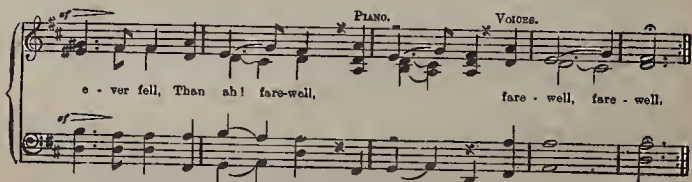
1. In ev'ry land, by God's command, From dear-est friends we ev-er Must

Piano. *Voices.*



se-ver. *pp* On hu-man ear no sound more dear In this world's course there

Piano. *Voices.*

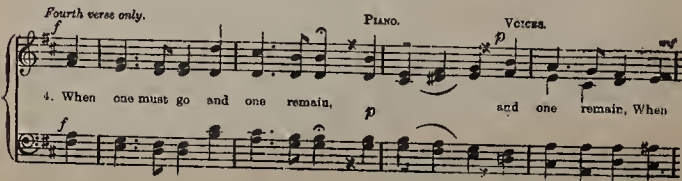


e-ver fell, Then ah! fare-well, fare-well, fare-well.

2. Should some loved friend a flower send,
A violet or rose-bud pure,
Of this be sure,—
Tho' in thy room at morn it bloom,
'Twill wither ere the night winds blow,
Yea! that I know.

3. Should Love's glad rays illumine thy days,
And there be one to thee more fair
Than jewels rare;
She cannot stay with thee alway,
But far too quickly you must part,
With aching heart.

Fourth verse only. *Piano.* *Voices.*



4. When one must go and one remain, *p* and one remain, When

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

whie - pers Hope "to meet a - gain." 'Tis then we say "Auf Wie - der - schen, Auf

PIANO. VOICES.

Wie - der - schen, Auf Wie - der - schen."

A HOME BY THE SEA.

Teneramente.

Words and Music by E. A. HOSMER.

TENORS. A1B. 1. Oh! give me a home by the sea, Where wild waves are crest - ed with
2. At morn, when the sun from the east Comes man - tled in crim - son and
3. At eve, when the moon in her pride Rides queen of the soft summer

BASSES.

PIANO.

foam, Where shrill winds are car - ol - ling free, As
gold, Whose hues on the hil - lows are cast, Which
night, And gleams on the mur - mur - ing tide, With

A HOME BY THE SEA.

o'er the blue waters they come, For I'd list to the ocean's loud
 sparkles with splendour un- - told. Oh! then by the shore would I
 floods of her silver - y light. Oh! earth has no beau - ty so

roar, And joy in its stormiest glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
 stray, And roam as the bal-ey-on free, From en - vy and care far a-
 rare, No place that is dear-er to me, Then give me so free and so

more..... Than a home by the deep heav - ing sea,
 way..... At my home by the deep heav - ing sea,
 fair..... A home by the deep heav - ing sea

A HOME BY THE SEA.

A home, A home, A home by the deep heaving
 sea, A home, A home, A home by the deep heaving sea.

The score consists of two systems of vocal staves (Soprano and Bass) and two systems of piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The first system of piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues this pattern with some variations in the bass line.

I'VE LOST MY DOGGY.

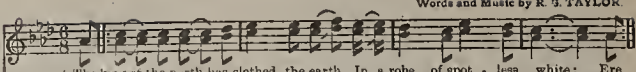
Con dolore.

TENORS: I've lost my dog - gy. Who's seen my bow - wow?
 BASSES: Poor lit - tle dog - gy! Bow-wow-wow - wow! Bow-wow-wow - wow!

The score is for two vocal parts: Tenors and Basses. It includes piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major. The tempo/mood is marked 'Con dolore'. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the main vocal lines. The second system contains a piano solo section with a '1st' and '2nd' ending. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

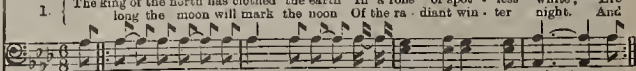
SLEIGH-RIDER'S SERENADE.


Words and Music by R. G. TAYLOR.

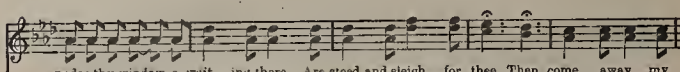
TENORS 

 1. The king of the north has clothed the earth In a robe of spot - less white; Ere

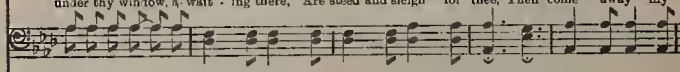
 long the moon will mark the noon Of the ra - diant win - ter night. And

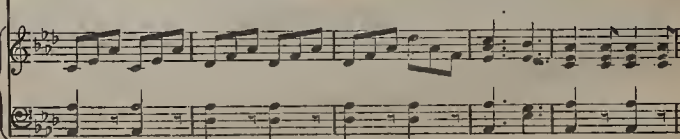
 BASSES 


 PIANO 




 under thy win - dow, a - wait - ing there, Are steed and sleigh for thee, Then come away my

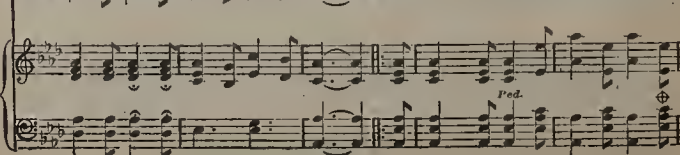






 la - dy fair, A - way, a - way with me O let us a - way, a - way, a - way, O





SLEIGH-RIDER'S SERENADE.

let us a-way, away, away, O let us away, away, away, Where silv'ry moonbeams play

Ped. ⊕ *Ped.* ⊕

2. A thousand eyes from out the skies
Will give us greeting kind;
With diamonds bright to reflect their light,
Our pathway shall be lined.
As swift as the course of a bird in air,
Our flight, our flight shall be;
Then come away, my lady fair,
Away, away with me.
Chorus.—O let us away, etc.

3. Night's goddess now about her brow
A misty halo wears;
A token to show that eon the snow
Will melt in rainy tears.
Ere over the clouds shall gather there,
Or shining hours shall flee,
O haste away, my lady fair,
Away, away with me.
Chorus.—O let us away, etc.

EULALIE.

R. S. TAYLOR.

1. Star of the sum - mer eve, Sink, sink to rest! Sink ere the
2. Wind of the sum - mer eve, Waft, waft your sighs! From where the
3. Bird of the sum - mer eve, Chant, chant your song! While through the

all - ver light Fades from the west; But ne - ver more will I
dis - tant hills Kiss gold - en skies; But ne - ver more will I
twi - light gleams Night's star - ry throng; But ne - ver more will I

Watch keep for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu - la - lie.
Wait here for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu - la - lie.
Lie here for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu - la - lie.

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS.

Words by E. PAULINE JOHNSON.*

Music by JAS EDMUND JONES, '88.

Moderato.

1. Lit - tle brown ba-by bird lapped in your nest, Wrapped in your nest, strapped in your nest, Your
 2. Lit - tle brown ba-by bird swinging to sleep, Wing - ing to sleep, sing - ing to sleep, Your

straight lit-tle cra-dle-board rocks you to rest, Its hands are your nest, Its
 won-der-black eyes that so wide o-pen keep, Shield-ing their sleep, Un-

hands are your nest It swings from the down-bend-ing branch of the oak, You
 yield-ing to sleep The he-ron is hom-ing, the plo-ver is still, The

* By permission of the publishers of "Flint & Feather."

watch the camp fire and the cur-ling greysmoke, But oh for your pret-ty black eyes sleep is best,
night owl calls from his haunt on the hill, A - far the fox barks, A - far the stars peep,

Lit - tle brown ba - by of mine, go to rest.
Lit - tle brown ba - by of mine, go to sleep.

mf *D.S.*

FAR AWAY IN THE SOUTH.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. Far a - way in the South a - mong the cot - ton fields,
2. { Where the mag - no - lia blooms a - round the ca - bin door, There's a place where I
{ In - my dreams come a - gain those hap - py child - hood hours,
{ In that South - land so fair I see a - gain the flow'r

ev - er long to be; Give me a home in the dear old South, For fond - ly I love it still.

I will sigh night and day, I long to see a - gain My old ca - bin home a - mong the hills

TRABLING BACK TO GEORGIA

Companion Song to "OLD BLACK JOE."

Words by ARTHUR H. FRENCH.

Music by CHAS. D. BLAKE.

Not too fast.

1. Ise trab-ling back to Georgia, dat

good ole land to see, The place I left to wan-der, the day that I was free, Ise

getting old and weary, And tired of roaming, too, So on my way to Dix-ie, I'll say goodbye to you.

rit.

CHORUS (*ad lib.*)

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Ise trab-ling back, (He's trab-ling back,) Yes, trab-ling back, (Yes, trab-ling back,) Ise

*) The small notes here are intended for an invisible chorus behind the scenes, or in an adjacent room. If sung in this way omit the accompaniment below.

Slow. *a tempo cresc.*

trab-ling night and day. I see trab-ling back to Georgia, I see

slow dim. rit. ff a tempo p dim - in - u - en - do.

dim. *dim.*

trab-ling night and day, I see trab-ling back to Georgia, For I can-not keep a-way.

dim. *dim.* *D.C.*

Drums, Cymbals, etc.

2.

I see trawling back to Georgia,
The place where I was born,
Among the fields of cotton,
The sugar cane and corn.
So happy with ole Massa,
A-living in the lane,
To see de ole plantation,
I see trawling back again.

3.

To live and die in Georgia,
Dat's good enough for me;
I'll hoe the corn and cotton,
And oh! so happy be;
I'll hunt the coon and possum,
And dance and sing and play,
And when I once get back there,
I'll never come away!

4.

I see trawling back to Georgia,
To see the darkies there;
And see my ole Aunt Dinah,
Oh, golly, won't she stare!
We'll dance all night till morning,
By the banjo's sweet refrain,
And have a celebration,
When I get back again!

TRUE LOVE

Translation by J. D. SPENCE, '89.

TENORS
 BASSES

Ah! can it tru-ly be, That I must part from thee? Dear-er art
 thou to me Than all be-side. Thon hast this soul of mine
 So close-ly knit to thine, I know no o-ther love Than thine a-lone.

2. Blue the forget-me not,
 Emblem of constancy;
 Close press it to thy breast,
 And think of me.
 Though flower and hope decay,
 Rich we in love alway:
 My heart's deep love for thee
 Never can die.

3. Were I a bird, on high
 Far through the air I'd fly;
 No hawk should daunt me then,
 Winging to thee.
 Struck by the huntaman's dart,
 Sinking upon thy heart,
 There, should'st thou weep for me,
 Fain would I die.

YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

Larghetto. MAZZINCHI.

VOICE.
 PIANO.

1. Ye shep-herds tell me, tell me have you seen,
 2. A wreath a-round her head, a-round her head she wore, Cal.

YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way, In shape and feature
na - - - tion, Li - - ly, Li - - ly, Rose, And in her hand

dolce

beauty's Queen, In pastoral, in pastoral ar - ray.
crook she bore, And sweets, and sweets her breath com - pose.

CHORUS.

have you
Shep - herds tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, tell me have you
dolce.
have you

Have you seen, tell me
seen My Flo - ra pass this way; Shep - - - herds,
seen, have you seen Have you seen, tell me

f *dolce.* *rall.*
Shepherds have you seen, tell me have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
f

YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

BASS VOICE.

The beau - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks her head,

Forms her des - crip - tion, her des - crip - tion true.

Hands li - ly white. Lips crim - son red,

And cheeks, and cheeks of ro - sy hue.

Repeat Chorus.

PEANUT SONG

Energetically ad lib.

Oh! all you fel-lows that have pea-nuts, And give your neighbor none; You
shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts When your pea-nuts are gone, When

mf *ad lib.*

your pea nuts are gone, When your pea nuts are gone, You

shan't have an - y of my pea - nuts When your pea - nuts are gone.

2. Oh! all you fellows that have sherry chicken, and give your neighbor none etc.
3. Oh! all you fellows that have pickled persimmons, and give your neighbor none etc.
4. Oh! all you fellows that have huckleberry pot-pie, and give your neighbor none etc.
5. Oh! all you fellows that have soft, sweet soda crackers, and give your neighbor none etc.
6. Oh! all you fellows that have nice, sour Messina oranges, and give your neighbor none etc.
7. Oh! all you fellows that have Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup, and give your neighbor none etc.
8. Oh! all you fellows that have ripe, rich, red strawberry short-cake, and give your neighbor none etc.
9. Oh! all you fellows that have California clam chowder and oysters on the half-shell, and give your neighbor none, etc.

Spoken: — Not if I knowa myself.

RECESSIONAL.

JAMES EDMUND JONES, 88.

Unison. *dim.* *Harmony.* *mp* *Org.* *f* *dim.* *Slow.* *A - men.*

Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God. DEUT. viii. 11.

mf 1. God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine:
P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 2. The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart:
P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 3. Far called, our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
P Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 4. If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law.
P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 5. For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard;
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding call not Thee to guard:
P For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord Amen.

Rudyard Kipling, 1897.

These words, here inserted by permission of the author, first appeared in *The Times*, July 17, 1897. They also appeared as the Recessional' in Kipling's *Five Nations*, 1903. The allusions in the hymn are to the incidents in the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and especially to the Procession and the Naval Review.

BRIDGET DONAHUE.

Music by A. S. JOSSELYN.

VOICE

1. It was in the Coun-ty Ker-ry, A lit-tle way from Clare, Where the
 Chorus: Oh Brid-get Don-a - - hue, I real-ly do love you, Al-

PIANO

boys and girls ara mer-ry at a pat-rou race or fair; The
 though I'm in A-mer-i-ca, to you I will be true; Then

town is called Kel-lor-glio, a pur-tv place to view, But when
 Brid-get Don-a - - hue, I'll tell you what I'll do, Just

Repeat for Chorus

makes it in-ter-es-ing is my Brid-get Don-a - - hue!
 take the name of Pat-ter-son and I'll take Don-a - - hue!

2. Her father is a farmer, and a decent man is he,
 He's liked by all the people from Kellorlin to Tralee;
 And Bridget on a Sunday, when coming home from mass,
 She's admired by all the people, sure they wait to see her pass.
3. I sent her home a picture, I did upon my word,
 Not a picture of myself, but the picture of a bird;
 It was the American Eagle, and says I, "Miss Donahue,
 Our eagle's wings are large enough to shelter me and you!"

HALLI-HALLO.

Words by WILHELM BORNEMANN, 1845
 BARITONE SOLO

Translation by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1881

VOICE.

1. Through wood and fo-rest rang-ing, I find a joy un-chang-ing, A
 2. My dog is good and trus-ty, Our ap-pe-tites are lus-sy: A

PIANO.

hunts-man bold am I..... A hunts-man bold am I.....
 meal I soon pre-pare..... A meal I soon pre-pare.....

My heart is e'er de-light-ed, To see the deer, af-fright-ed, From
 Up-on the ground re-clin-ing, From mos-sy ta-ble din-ing, We

CHORUS.

out his co-vert fly..... From out his co-vert fly.....
 eat our fru-gal fare..... We eat our fru-gal fare.....

HALLI-HALLO.

WHISTLE.

WARBLE.

TENORS

Hal - li, hal-lo. hal - li, hal-lo. { From out his co - vert fly..... } Hal -
 { We eat our fru - gal fare..... }

ALT. BARRES.

3. I, though without a nickel,
 My dainty palate tickle
 With wine and good black bread.
 My fragrant pipe burns brightly,
 As, stepping forward lightly,
 The flow'ry heath I tread.

4. Thus, in the fields abiding,
 Or through the forest striding,
 I pass the liveliest day,
 And while my hours are fleeting
 Like seconds swift retreating,
 I through the green-wood stray.

5. And now the sun is sinking,
 Now stars through mists are blinking;
 Thus one more day slips by;
 So home again returning,
 Where cheerful hearth is burning,
 A jolly huntsman I.

ON THE BANKS OF THE YANG-TSEE-KIANG.*

Words by REV. J. DAVISON.

Adapted by J. L. MORRISON.

SOLO

VOICE.

1. My name is Polly Hill, and I had a lover Bill, Whose fate cost me many a
2. Oh! the war itsoohrokeout, I don't know what 'twas 'bout, But let those that make war go

PIANO.

CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

pang, pang, For his regiment took the rout, and he went to the right about, To the banks of the Yang-Yang-
hang, hang, So he went with thousands ten to fight the Chinamen, On the banks of the Yang-Yang-

Yang-tsee-kiang, To the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang.
Yang-tsee-kiang, On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang.

3. Three years had passed away, whilst it fell upon a day,
That I sat by my door and span, span,
That a soldier came and said, "Your lover Bill lies dead
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang.
4. "Twas in a tea-tree glen that we met the Chinamen,
And one of the rogues let bang, bang,
Which laid poor William low, with his toes towards the foe,
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang.
5. "He took a sprig of tea and said, 'Will you carry this for me,
And tell poor Polly where it sprang, sprang?'
And this was all he said, when his head it dropped like lead,
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang.
6. "Now will you take from me this little sprig of tea?
'Twas on Bill's grave that it sprang, sprang,
You may have it if you will, as a souvenir of Bill,
From the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
From the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."
7. "My soldier boy," said I, "do you see any green in my eye?
Pray excuse me the use of slang, slang.
For I'm your Polly Hill, and you're my lover Bill,
From the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
From the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."

*The words are taken from "The Life of a Scottish Probationer," by JAMES BROWN, by permission of JAMES MACLEHOD & SONS, Publishers, Glasgow.

PETER GRAY.

Andante.

VOICE.

1. Once on a time there was a man, his name was Pe - ter Gray;

PIANO.

pes.

He lived way down in that 'ere town, called Pen - syl - va - ni - a

CHORUS.

Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow ye winds, Heigh - o,.....

Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow, blow, blow.

2. Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl,
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl.—*Cho.*
3. But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent away off to Ohio.—*Cho.*
4. And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp - y - ed by the bloody Indians.—*Cho.*
5. When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di - i - ed.—*Cho.*

OVER THE BILLOWS AFAR!

Words by A. F. SARGENT.

Music by CHARLES E. PRATT.

Con Spirito.

f cresc. *rit.*

1. What care I tho' the wild winds sigh, And whistle thro' rigging and shroud — The
 2. What care I tho' the breez-es sigh, Soft o'er the hill and the plain

f cresc.

an - gry sea hath no terror for me, Nor the frowning tem - pest cloud — But there's
 Give me the free, the track-less sea, Let me roam o'er the bound-less main — And he-

p

mu - sic dear to the sail-or's ear, In the din of the hurricane's roar; — As his
 neth the wave may I find my grave, When my voy-age of life is o'er, — Where the

f *p rall*

gal-lant ship o'er the bil - lows skips, A - way, far a-way from the shore! —
 bil - low's surge will chant my dirge, A - way, far a-way from the shore! —

f *p*

CHORUS.

1st Tenor

Then hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Hur-rah for the gal-lant tar!—The

Air. 2nd Tenor

Then hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Hur-rah for the gal-lant tar!—The

1st Bass.

2nd Bass.

sea is his home, and he loves to roam,

O-ver the bil-lows a - far!

sea is his home, and he loves to roam,

O-ver the bil-lows a - far!

sea is his home, and he loves to roam,

O-ver the bil-lows a - far!

D. S. al Fine.

Fine.

TOBACK.

Translated by JOHN D. SPENCE 89.

p

1. Ho! jol - ly com - rades, crowd a - round, With laught - er let the
 2. To - bac - co's so - lace nev - er fails: The beg - gar or the
 3. "A fig for La - tinal Bet - ter far" The stu - dent cries, "a

p

walls re - sound; The night we'll pass With jo - vial glass And pipes of good To - back!
 Prince of Wales A - like be gues His mood to smiles With com - fort - ing To - back!
 good ci - gar." Can - non and ball Are vanquished all By con - quer - ing To - back!

CHORUS.

To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, And pipes of good To -
 To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, With com - fort - ing To -
 To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, By con - quer - ing To -

back. — To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, And pipes of good To - back.
 back. — To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, With com - fort - ing To - back.
 back. — To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, By con - quer - ing To - back.

4.
The youngster, for the weed unripe,
Steals on the sly his father's pipe;
Behind the shed
In fear and dread
He tries to like tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

5.
The gaffer, toothless, grim and old,
Whose gums refuse the pipe to hold;
The stem will wind
With yarn and bind
It fast, and smoke Tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

6.
The copper on his lonely beat,
Smokes as he tramps the midnight Street;
His short pipe glows
Beneath his nose,
And warms it with Tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

7.
The cripple with a wooden leg
The weed will borrow, buy or beg;
The pipe he grips
Between his lips
And smokes and smokes Tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

12.
So comrades, all the world around
The good old weed is ever found;
So let us pass
The jovial glass,
And burn our good Tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

8.
The noble red man, out for hair,
Will everlasting friendship swear,
In pipes of peace,
His wranglings cease,
And so he smokes Tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

9.
The western man, that's worn and grim,
Thinks life has little charm for him,
Forgets his ills
Whenever he fills
His cornucob with Tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

10.
The polished Frenchman, fashion's pet,
Will only risk a cigarette;
He knows it is
A serious biz
For him to smoke Tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

11.
The labouring son of Erin's Isle,
Looks from his drain with broadening smile;
The brief dhudeen
His lips between,
Is filled with rank Tobacco!
CHORUS:- Tobacco, hack, hack, etc.

WHO'S THE BEST MAN IN THIS TOWN?

Tune "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie."

Who's the best man in this town? T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - is Who's the best man

in this town? T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - is We're some {sol-dier pumpkin} boys our-selves We're some

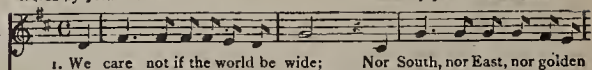
{sol-diers pumpkins} We're some {sol-diers pumpkins} But the best man in this town is T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - sir.

To the North!

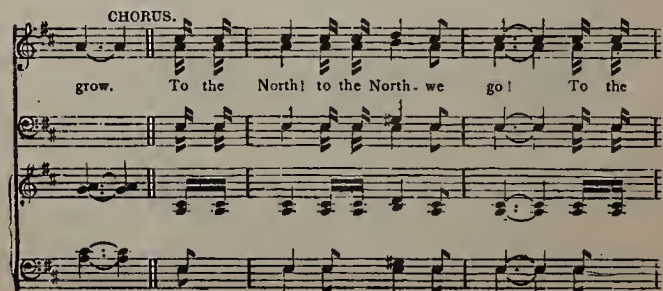
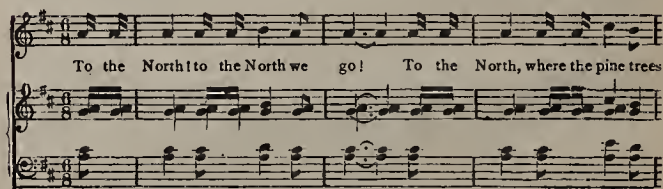
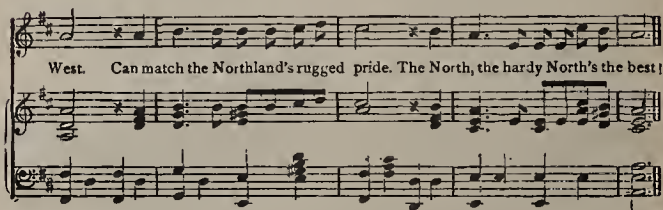
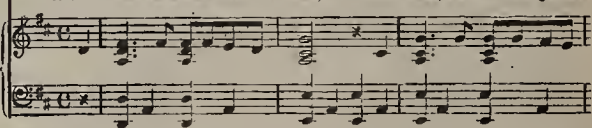
Words by JOHN D. SPENCE

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES

VOICE.



PIANO.



TO THE NORTH.

North, where the pine trees grow. Then it's ho! for the gleaming

paddle; And it's ho! for the line and rod, And the

Yo ho! Yo ho

rushing fall, and the pine trees tall, And the wa - ters bright and

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fifth system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The sixth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The vocal part is a simple melody with lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

TO THE NORTH.

broad. With pots and pans and pails ga - lore, With
Yo ho!

hams and jams a good - ly store; With a ton or two of dunnage and a
few things more, To the North to the North we go! To the

The musical score is written for a vocal part and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two lines of music. The second system contains the next two lines of music. The third system contains the final two lines of music, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with some words like 'broad.' and 'Yo ho!' indicating specific musical directions or exclamations.

TO THE NORTH.

North, where the pine trees grow. Then it's

D. S.

"few things more, To the North! to the North we go.

2. Fine.

+) Last verse only.

2. Who yearns for palmy-Southern seas?
Who longs to dream the languorous hours—
To tritter in luxurious ease
His vigorous manhood's early powers?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the fresh winds blow.
4. Who would not flee the whirl and strife.—
The anxious brow, the ceaseless strain.
To drink again the milk of life,—
To feel himself a child again?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, from the debts we owe.
3. Who longs for dainties rich and rare,
For cooling wines and liqueurs hot,—
That once has known the simpler fare
That fills the camper's generous pot?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the black bass grow
5. Let others sail the sluggish streams
That murmur through the quiet night.
Give us the glorious sun, that gleams
On curving green and foaming white!
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the torrents flow.
6. So, till with age our spirits flag,
And hearts beat fainter, year by year,
The North shall fling from crag to crag
The echo of our boisterous cheer.
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, to the North, Yo ho!

JUANITA.

SPANISH SALLAD.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Allargretto.

1. Soft o'er the fonn-tain, Ling'-ring falls the southern moon;
2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

Far o'er the monn-tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes!
And day-light beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain— Wilt thou not, re-

splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell.... Wea-ry looks, yet ten - - der,
lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh.... In thy heart con-sent - - ing

Sto-ter *a tempo* Ni - ta! *Jua - ni - ta!
Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Ask thy ead if
To a prayer gone hy? Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Let me ling - er

mf Ni - ta! Jua - - ni ta! *Tenderly* *slow*
we should part! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart
by thy side! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

* Pronounced "Wansela."

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

THE CELEBRATED CHORUS OF SOLDIERS IN "FAUST."

Tempo marziale.

OUNOD.

TENORS

Glo - ry and love to the men of old,..... Their sons may

BASSES

PIANO

co - py their vir - tues bold;.... Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand,....

Ready to fight or ready to die for Fa - ther - land! Who needs bidding to dare.....

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

..... by a trumpet blown? Who lacks pity to spare..... when the field is won?....

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Who would fly from a foe..... if a-lone, or last?..... And

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with the same melodic pattern, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with consistent rhythmic figures.

boast he was true, as coward might do when pe - - ril is past?.....

This system contains the final two staves of the page. The vocal line concludes with a sustained note, and the piano accompaniment features some more complex chordal textures in the right hand.

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

cresc.

Glo - - ry and love to the men of old !..... Their sons may

cresc.

molto cresc.

copy their vir-tues bold Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand....

molto cresc.

f

Ready to fight for Fa - - - ther-land..... Now..... to home a-

f

GLODY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

gain..... we come, the long and fiery strife of bat - tle o . . ver.....

This system contains the first musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics 'gain..... we come, the long and fiery strife of bat - tle o . . ver.....' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3 and a half note F#3, followed by a series of chords and moving lines.

Rest..... is pleas-ant af - - - - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stranger

Rest..... is pleasant af - - - - ter toil be neath..... a stranger

This system contains the second musical staff. The melody continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The lyrics 'Rest..... is pleas-ant af - - - - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stranger' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

sun..... Many..... a maid-en fair..... is waiting

sun, beneath a wild and stranger sun..... The maiden fair..... is waiting

This system contains the third musical staff. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics 'sun..... Many..... a maid-en fair..... is waiting' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

here to greet her truant sol-dier lov - er..... And many a heart..... will fail and
will fail..... and

brow..... grow pale to hear..... to hear the tale of cru-el pe-ri he has
brow grow pale..... to hear, to hear..... the tale of cru-el pe-ri he has

run..... And many a heart..... And many a heart will fail, and many a

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

dim. *p*

heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear the tale of pe-ri- he has run

dim. *crescendo.*

f

Glo - - - ry and love to the men of old!... Their sons may

f

copy their vir-tues bold;... Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand..

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

Ready to fight for Fa - - ther-land, or ready to die for Fa - - ther-land,
or ready to fight

land, or ready to die,..... or ready to die..... for
or ready to fight

Fa - - - ther - land,.....

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

Words by H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE.

VERNON REY.

VOICE.

Andante grazioso.

PIANO.

1. On a
2. On a
3. O'er the

paint - ed o - cean a paint - ed ship is hung on the home - stead
 paint - ed o - cean a paint - ed ship is hid in the dark - en'd
 sum - mer o - cean a white wing'd ship is float - ing across the

wall; To the mo - ther's eyes, and the mo - ther's heart, The
 room; For a aha - dow stole from a son - thern sea, And
 foam; And the caet - a - way that they found at sea Is

ho - li - est thing of all..... For a lad with a tan - gle of
 shroud - ed the house in gloom..... So they hid from the mo - ther the
 al - most in sight of home..... Then a head with a tan - gle of

legato
mf

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

cresc. *molto cresc.*

gol - den hair, The light of her eyes was he; In that gal - lant ves - sel a
miss - ing ship, And hop'd that the best might be; Ere they told the tale that all
gol - den hair is bowed on a mo - ther's knees; And a mes - sage from heav'n to

cresc. *molto cresc.*

pp *rall.* *molto rall.*

year a - go, Went sail - ing across the sea.....
hands were lost, While sail - ing across the sea.....
earth to - day Comes sail - ing across the sea.....

rall. *molto rall. cresc.*

pp

CHORUS.
Andante grazioso.
f *1st & 2nd Tenors.* *dim.*

dim.
Sail - - ing, Sail - - ing, Sail - ing a cross the sea.....

1st & 2nd Bass.
Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing a - cross the sea, a - cross the

f Andante grazioso. *dim.*

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

p *lento*

Sail - - ing, sail - - ing, Sail-ing a-cross the sea.....

Aia *p*

sea.... Sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing a - - - - cross the sea.....

p *lento* *pp*

BREATHE SOFT, YE WINDS.

Andante affettuoso

WILLIAM PAXTON, 782.

Breathe soft, ye winds, ye wa-ters gent - ly flow....

Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs a - round her grow; Ye swains, I

beg you, pass in si - lence by.... My love..... in yon - der vale

a - sleep doth lie, My love..... in yon - der vale a - sleep doth lie.

THE TROOPER.

Translated from the German by JOHN D. SPENCE '89.

W. LYRA.

f *Impassionate.* *p*

1. Through gloom and night by vale and hill, We ride so stern, we
 2. Soon shall the tender grass we tread Flush like the rose to

f *p*

ride so still! To death, to death we're fly - ing! The morn - ing winds, how
 flam - ing red, My blood the greensward dye - ing. One cup I drain with

fz

dim.

sharp they feel! Hos - tess, a glass our hearts to steel For dy - ing, for dy - ing!
 sword in band: One draught to dear old Mo - ther-land Ere dy - ing, ere dy - ing!

dim.

3.

A second—quick! To Freedom now
 My love, my life, my sword I vow,
 On this strong arm relying.
 What claims the rest? The dregs to thee
 I drain O Empire grand and free,
 Ere dying, ere dying!

4.

My sweetheart!...but the glass is dry...
 The swords are out...the bullets fly!
 No time for love or sighing.
 Up! Like a whirlwind on the foe!
 Oh, soldier joy! at dawn to go
 To dying, to dying!

FAREWELL.

Translation by F. J. DAVISON,

Andante.

GILCHER,

VOCAL.

1. When the gold - en dawn of day Sends the sun - beams dart - ing,
2. When two ge - nial souls are friends, Friendship ne - ver pal - ters,

PIANO.

p

Heart from heart must hence a-way, Torn by pangs... of part - ing;
Be it joy or grief fate sends, Friendship ne - ver al - ters.

Why, oh why may I not stay? Fate should never se - ver
How much keen - er the pain, When with longing o'er the main,

Hearts that love for e - ver, Hearts that love for e - ver.
True love faints and fal - ters, True love faints and fal - ters.

3. Shall I then my whole life through
Leave my hopes behind me?
In strange lands so far from you
Joy can never find me.
If I've ever grieved you, sweet,
Pardon, I am at your feet,
Love and sorrow bind me.

4. Fancy it a sigh from me,
If the breeze but kiss you,
From across the sundering sea
Come to tell I miss you;
Hopes are past that were to be
Still my soul is yearning—
Is there no returning?

DIGGY-DADDY, HEAR HIM WEEP.

Arr. by T. MARTENS.

SOLO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Ole mas - se bought a bran new coat, and hung it in the hall, The
 2. Ole mas - se bought a bran new girl, he got her in the Sout', Her
 3. Oh! Ma - ry had a lit - tle corn up on her lit - tle toe, And

dar - kies stole that coat a - way, and wore it to the ball.
 hair it curled so ve - ry tight, she could - n't shut her mou.
 ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, the corn was sure to go.

CHORUS

2nd TENOR.

1st TENOR & 1st BASS.

2nd BASS.

Dig-gy dad-dy, hear him weep, Dig-gy dad-dy, hear him sigh.
 Diggy daddy hear him weep, O! Diggy daddy hear him

1st 2nd

'way down the Ca - ri - o, And the old man kicky up and zig zag jig jag, die.
 kicky up and jig jag, kicky up and die.
 zig zag jig jag, die.
 'way down the Ca - ri - o, O! And the old man kicky up and zig sag jig jag, die.

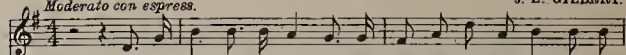
- * Crooning. † Some MSS. read "He turns the gas and the bulldog out at a quarter after nine."

THE OLD RED CRADLE.

J. L. GILBERT.

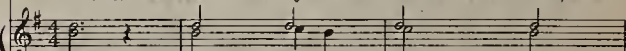
Moderato con espress.

Solo.



1st & 2nd

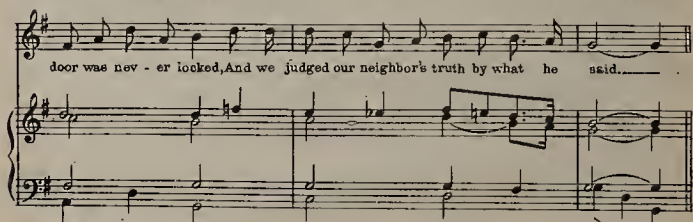
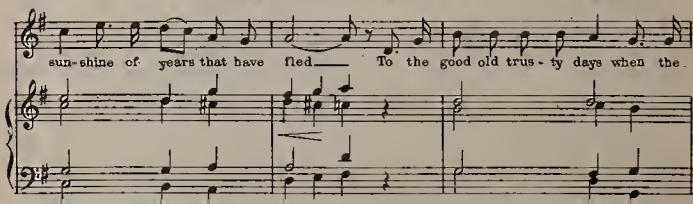
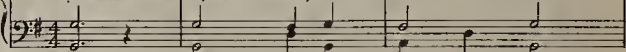
Tenors.



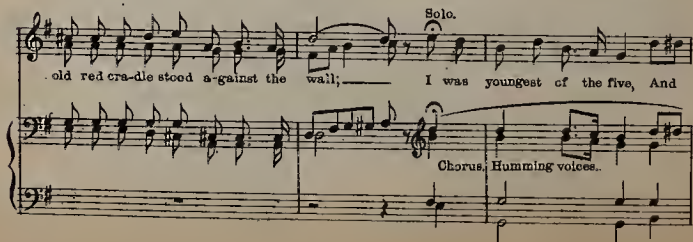
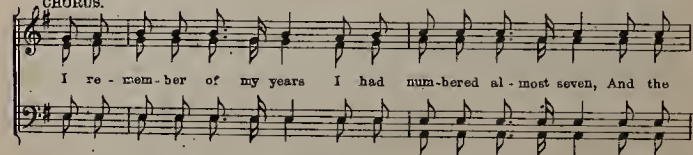
Lal Humming voices (with closed lips)

1st & 2nd

Basses.



CHORUS.



two were gone to heav'n, But the old red cra-dle rocked us all.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

Rock-ing, rock-ing, gen-tly rock-ing, In time with the tick of the clock on the wall,

That old red cra-dle, Solo Chorus.
One by one the sec-onds mark-ing, That old red cra-dle rocked us all.
Solo Chorus.

2. By its side father paused, with a little time to spare,
And the care lines would soften on his brow;
Ah! 'twas but a little while that I knew a father's care,
But I fancy in my dreams I see him now.
And if e'er there came a day when my cheeks were flushed and hot,
When I did not mind my porridge or my play,
I would clamber up its side, and the pain would be forgot,
When the old red cradle rocked away.
3. Ayl it cradled one and all, brothers, sisters in it lay,
And it gave me the sweetest rest I've known;
But to-night the tears will flow, and I let them have their way,
For the passing years are leaving me alone.
By my mother it was rocked when the evening meal was laid,
And again I seem to see her as she smiled;
When the rest were all in bed, 'twas then she knelt and prayed,
By the old red cradle and her child.
4. But the cradle long has gone, and the burdens that it bore—
One by one have been gathered to the fold;
But the flock is incomplete for its numbers only four,
With a dear one now left straying in the cold.
Heaven grant again we may in each others arms be looked,
Where no bitter tears of parting ever fall,
God forbid that one be lost that the old red cradle rocked,
For that dear old cradle rocked us all.

THE TRAIL OF MY LITTLE CANOE

Words by
ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88.


Moderato.

mf

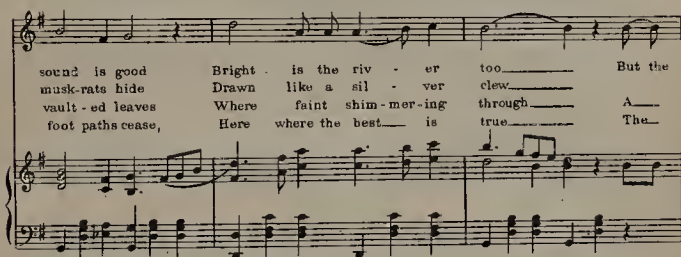
1. Broad is the track which the steam - er takes O - ver the o - pen
2. Up through the fields where the cat - tie browse Up through the farms of
3. Clean blue flags in state - ly ranks Stand where the sha - dows
4. Dip of the pad - dle, gur - gle and plash, Qui - et and bird - note

p

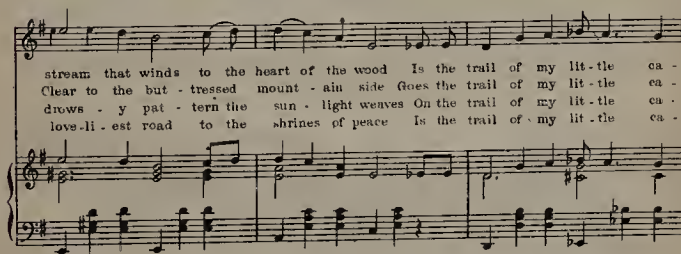
sea — Wide are the ways of the win - dy lakes
rye — Un - der the arch - ing hem - lock boughs
gleam — Ferns grow thick on the mos - sy banks
clear — White of the birch, gray of the ash



Dear are the lakes to me _____ And the spark - ling -
 Un - der the laugh - ing sky _____ Out through the maze where the
 Edg - ing the deep - er stream _____ Tan - a - gers flash in the
 Balm of the heart is here _____ Here where the bold - est -



sound is good Bright is the riv - er too _____ But the
 musk-rats hide Drawn like a sil - ver clew _____
 vault - ed leaves Where faint shim-mer-ing through _____ A
 foot paths cease, Here where the best is true _____ The



stream that winds to the heart of the wood Is the trail of my lit - tle ca -
 Clear to the but - tressed mount - ain side Goes the trail of my lit - tle ca -
 drows - y pat - tern the sun - light weaves On the trail of my lit - tle ca -
 love - li - est road to the shrines of peace Is the trail of my lit - tle ca -



noe _____ Is the trail of my lit - tle ca - noe _____ D. C.
 noe _____ Is the trail of my lit - tle ca - noe _____
 noe _____ On the trail of my lit - tle ca - noe _____
 noe _____ Is the trail of my lit - tle ca - noe _____ 8
 D. C.

MY HOMES ON THE BOUNDLESS SEA

Words by KEYNTON

Music by CHARLES PRATT
Arr. by Theo. Martens.

f Spirited

Solo

1. O - ver the bil - low - y foam My
2. The land has no plea - sure for me, I
3. From trou - ble and care I'll flee, I

1st & 2nd Tenor (8va lower)

Ho yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

1st & 2nd Bass

Ho yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

bark speeds light and free O - ver the o - cean
dare no long - er stay; My bark is on the
fear not storm nor wreck; For they have no ter - rors

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

rall.

wild I roam, My home's on the bound - less sea! Now
roll - ing sea, And I must haste a - way! So
now for me, As I pace my ves - sel's deck Hur -

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

greeting the moon's first ray, I plunge thro' the path-less blue, A
here's a health to old friends, May their hearts be ev - er true; As
rah! hur-rah! for the sea, Proudly then I'll pace my deck: As

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

N. B. — The accompaniment to be sung lightly and softly throughout.

rall.

bum-per of silver - y spray, I quaff to our good ships' crew.
 night's dark sha-dows de - scend I'll skim o'er the wa - ter's blue!
 grand-ly she rides so free I laugh at all storm and wreck!

rall.

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

CHORUS *a tempo*

f 1st Tenor.
 Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A sai - lor's life for me! Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

2nd Tenor.
 Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A sai - lor's life for me! Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

1st Bass.
 ho! yeo

2nd Bass.
 ho! yeo

ho! Bound-ing o-ver the sea! Mer-ri-ly sing yeo ho! As

Divide
 ho! Bound-ing o-ver the sea! Mer-ri-ly sing yeo ho! yeo ho! As

ho!

rall.

bound-ing o'er the sea And mer-ri-ly sing yeo ho! A sail-or's life for me!

rall.

bound-ing o'er the sea yeo ho! And mer-ri-ly sing yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

CANNIBALEE.

B. A. GOULD, Jr.

M. A. TAYLOR.

Moderato.

A can-ni-bal lived on a can-ni-bal isle, He was

thin-ner than thin could be; His legs were as lean as the tail of a rat, And his

head rat-tled around in his num-ber five hat, And he left no mark on the ground where he sat.

CHORUS. *Accel.*

'Twas a wo-ful sight to see. 'Twas a wo-ful sight to see, 'Twas a

Accel. molto e cresc.

So it was. So it was.
So he did. So he did.

wo - ful sight to see, For he left no mark on the ground where he sat, For he

So it was.
So he did.

left no mark on the ground where he sat, For he left no mark on the

ground where he sat, 'Twas a wo - ful sight to see, see.

Tempo I.

So it was. So he did

2. Now there came to this island from over the main
A laudable missioner,
His weight was three hundred and forty-three pounds,
And his paunch and jowls and his tonsure were round,
And he left a mark where he sat on the ground.
'Twas a curious sight to see.
For he left a mark on the ground where he sat,
Just two and a half feet by three.
3. Now the moral of the song that I'm trying to sing
You soon will be able to see,
For the Christian proved docile and teachable quite,
He learned of the heathen the thing that was right,
And one Sunday morning before it was light,
He ate up the cannibalee.
And one Sunday morning before it was light,
He ate up the cannibalee.

THE WATERMELON.

Arr. by T. MARTENS.

Allegretto.

1. Oh! see dat wa - ter -
 2. You may talk a - bout your
 3. When de dew-drops dey is

mf *p*

mel-on A smil - in' thro' de fence? How I wish dat wa - ter mel-on it was
 ap-ples Your peach-es and your pears, And your 'sim-mons hang-in' on de 'sim-mon
 fall-ing Dat mel-on's gwine to cool, And I guess den it will taste most aw-ful

mine — Oh de white folks must be fool-ish Dey need a heap of
 vine — But bless my heart, my hon-eyes, Dat truck it aint no
 fine — So Ise gwine to come and fetch it, Or else I is a

sense, Or dey'd neb-ber leab it dar up-on de vine.
 wheres Oh! de wa - ter mel-on am de fruit for me!
 fool, If I leabs it dar a smil-in' on de vine.

CHORUS -- *Male Voices*

Oh! de ham-bone am sweet And de ba-con am good, And de 'pos-sum fat am

ber - y, ber - y fine But gib n.e, yes gib me, Oh!
fine, yes, ber - y line

how I wish you would Dat wa-ter mel-on smil-in' on de vine. *D.C.*
vine, yes, on the vine *D.C.*

CHORUS. (*When sung by mixed voices*)

Oh! de ham-bone am sweet, And de ba-con am good, And de
'pos-sum fat am ber - y, ber - y fine But gib me, yes
gib me, Oh, how I wish you would, Dat wa-ter mel-on 'smil-in' on de vine.

ALL'S WELL.

Words by JOHN OXENHAM.*

Music by JAS EDMUND JONES '88

Moderato.

mf *p*

1. Is the path-way
2. Is the light for

dark and drear-y? God's in His heaven! Are you brok-en, heart-sick, wea-ry?
ev - er fail-ing? Is the faint heart, ev-er quail-ing?

God's in His heaven! Drear - iest roads shall have an end-ing Brok - en hearts are
God's strong arms are all a-round you, In the dark He

for God's mend-ing All's well! All's well! All's well!
sought and found you

2. Is the bur-den past your bear-ing? Hope-less, friend-less,
4. Is the fu - ture black with sor-row? God's in His heaven! Do you dread each

Arr. from air of "Turkey in the Straw."

Old T, - Y, - J, - is a good old soul, Old T, - - Y, J, - is a
He wouldn't let us dance, And he wouldn't let us sing, And he wouldn't let us do a

good old soul, Old T, Y, J, is a
sin - gle thing, But just the same he's a good old soul,

Yes, he is! Yes, he is! (Piano at close.)

Verses may be improvised for the tune of "The Boots," Page 37. Robert Tyson of Toronto, the veteran canoeist and sport, contributes the following:-

1.
The meeting time has come,
The men sit round the table
The Chairman takes his seat,
Keeps order if he's able.
Hurrah, hurrah, the meeting time has come,
Order, order, tra la la la-eto.
The meeting time has come.
I hear the knock, the knock, the knock,
The thunderous knock of "the chair,"
Fra Diavolo, the Chairman etc.
"Order if you please."

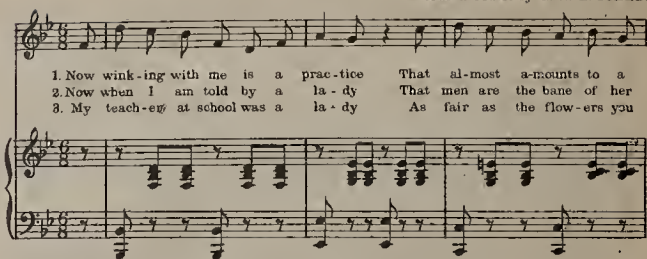
2.
The smoking time has come,
its peaceful moments bringing,
We'll light the briar pipe,
And listen to the singing,
Hurrah, hurrah, the smoking time has come.
Smoking, smoking, tra la la la etc.
The smoking time has come.
I smell the pipe, the pipe,
The pipe, the p-p-p-p-p-p-p-pipe
Fra Diavolo the briar pipe,
Caneamen all do smoke.

8.
The sailing time has come,
A pleasant wind is blowing,
With canvas hoisted full,
Like stately ships we're going
Hurrah, hurrah, the sailing time has come,
Sailing, sailing, tra la la la etc.
The sailing time has come.
I feel the breeze, the breeze, the breeze,
The squally old northerly breeze,
Fra Diavolo, the squally breeze,
Coming from the north.

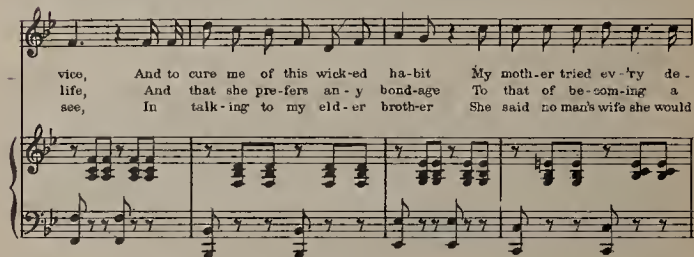
4.
The paddling time has come,
The peaceful Bay is shining
While robed in gorgeous clouds,
The Western sun's declining,
Hurrah, hurrah, the paddling time has come.
Paddling, paddling, tra la la la etc.
The paddling time has come.
I hear the puff, the puff,
The p-p-p-puff
Fra Diavolo the ferry boat,
Puffing down the Bay.

I CANNOT HELP WINKING MY EYE.

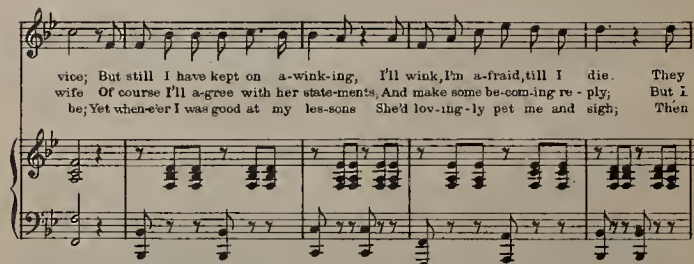
Words & Music by G. W. E. FIELD.



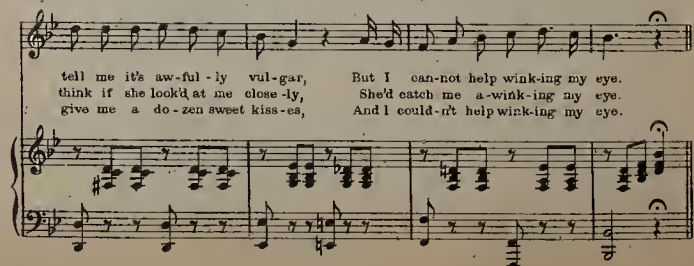
1. Now wink-ing with me is a prac-tice That al-most a-amounts to a
 2. Now when I am told by a la-dy That men are the bane of her
 3. My teach-er at school was a la-dy As fair as the flow-ers you



vice, And to cure me of this wick-ed ha-bit My moth-er tried ev'-ry de-
 life, And that she pre-fers an-y bond-age To that of be-com-ing a
 see, In talk-ing to my eld-er broth-er She said no man's wife she would



vice; But still I have kept on a-wink-ing, I'll wink, I'm a-fraid, till I die. They
 wife Of course I'll a-gree with her state-ments, And make some be-com-ing re- ply; But I
 be; Yet when-e'er I was good at my les-sons She'd lov-ing-ly pet me and sigh; Then



tell me it's aw-ful-ly vul-gar, But I can-not help wink-ing my eye.
 think if she look'd at me close-ly, She'd catch me a-wink-ing my eye.
 give me a do-zen sweet kiss-es, And I could-n't help wink-ing my eye.

CHORUS

Yes, I know that it's quite un-be-com-ing, And to

TENOR I.

TENOR II.

Yes, I know it's quite un-be-com-ing, And to

BASS I.

BASS II.

cure the sad vice I shall try, But at pre-sent I hope you'll ex-

cure the sad vice I'll try, Yes, I'll cure it; But at pre-sent you'll ex-

cuse me, For I can-not help wink-ing my eye. D. C.

cuse me, For I can't help wink-ing my eye.

eye, with my eye.

4 Now Betsy the cook in our kitchen
Is as buxom and fair as a rose;
She says that all men are a nuisance
And that she could bite off their nose.

Yet one day when I dropped in the kitchen
She was kissing a chap on the sly;
She might have been biting his nose off,
Yet I couldn't help winking my eye.
Yes, I know, etc.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

By Louis Lambert.

Same tune as "The Three Crows," (Page 81)

- When Johnny comes marching home again,
(Cho.) Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
(Cho.) Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
(Cho.) And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.
(Twice)
- The old church bell will peal with joy,
To welcome home our darling boy;
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way.
- Get ready for the jubilee;
We'll give the hero three times three.
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow.
- Let love and friendship on that day
Their choicest treasures then display,
And let each one perform his part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.

EAST AND FAR: A CANOEING SONG

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE, '89

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88

Moderato In paddling time.



1. Far ov - er the deep now our light
 2. See how from the brink flees the deer
 3. On, on through the sun - shine the long

pad - dles are ply - ing, Swift by the green hills where the
 light - ly up - spring - ing, Back from the deep woods now our
 reaches re - veal - ing, Till day - light is done and the

lone shad - ows are ly - ing; Hark! how with hoarse cla -
 light laugh - ter is ring - ing; Hark! how the soft ech -
 lone nighthawks are wheel - ing, Till in the soft moon -

inour the wild lake fowl are fly - ing; O - ver the glint and the
 o from hill to hill is wing - ing; O - ver the glint and the
 light our thoughts go home - ward steal - ing; O - ver the glint and the

gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!
gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!
gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!

CHORUS

Fast and far - fast and far - Swift the deep stroke of the

pad - dle is send - ing us Fast and far - fast and far -

O - ver the glint and the gleam and far a - way!

HE'S A DAISY.

He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.
See him smil - ing, See him smil - ing, See him smil - ing just now.

Just now he's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.
Just now see him smil - ing, See him smil - ing just now.

OVER THE BANISTER.

YALE SONG.

Baritone Solo.

1. O-ver the ban-is-ter leans a face, Ten-der-ly sweet and be-guil-
 2. No-bod-y, on-ly those eyes of brown, Ten-der and full of mean-
 3. Holds her fingers and draws her down, Sudd-en-ly grow-ing bold-

Male Voices Accom. *ad lib.* la, la, etc.

ing. While be-low her with ten-der grace, He watch-es the pic-ture
 ing. Gaze on the love-li-est face in town, O-ver the ban-is-ter
 er, Till her love-ly hair lets its mass-es down Like a man-tle o-ver his

smil-ing The light burns dim in the hall be low, No-bod-y sees them stand-
 lean-ing, Tim-id and tired, with down-cast eyes, I won-der why she lin-
 shoul-der; A ques-tion asked, a swift ca-res, She has fled like a bird from the hall-

ing, Say-ing good-night a-gain soft and low, Half-way up to the land-ing,
 gers, Af-ter all the good-nights are said, Some-bod-y holds her fin-gers!
 way, But o-ver the ban-is-ter comes a "yes" That bright-ens the world for him al-way-

The upper staff of accompaniment to be played and sung an octave lower.

'WAY UP ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP-TIP-TOP.

moderate. mf
SOLO

VOICE. 1. Hark! I hear a voice, 'way up on the mountain-top-tip-top, Descend-ing down below. De-

PIANO.

1st 2nd CHORUS SOLO
scending down below, -scending down below. Let us all..... unite in love, Trusting

1st 2nd CHORUS
Let us all unite in love.

1st 2nd
in..... the powers a bove,..... Let us - bove,

1st 2nd
Trust - ing in the powers above. the powers a bove.

accel. ritard.
Merrily now we roll, roll, roll, roll, roll. Merrily now we roll, roll, o - ver the deep blue sea.

2. Little Jacky Horner,
A-sitting in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big boy am I!"
Chorus.—Let us all, etc.

3. Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy had none.
Chorus.—Let us all, etc.

TRABBLING DOWN DE RIBBER.

Words by WILLIAM PEDLAR & JERRY BRITTON.

Air arr. from "Haul the wood-pile down."

Solo *Chorus* *Solo*

1. De sun am shin-ing nine-ty-nine; Trab-bling down de rib-ber; We see
 2. De sun am sink-ing, sink-ing low; Trab-bling slow-ly home-ward; I
 3. De smoke am ris-in' in de air; Keep your eye on de fish-line; I

Chorus *Solo*

gwine to stop right here and dine; Trab-bling down de rib-ber; Dar
 tink we will no farther go; Trab-bling slow-ly home-ward; De
 guess we aint no time to spare; Keep your eye on de fish-line; De

Chorus *Solo*

aint no use to arg-u-fy; Trab-bling down de rib-ber; Dese
 Hark I hear de ra-pids roar; Trab-bling slow-ly home-ward; We'll
 moon am ris-ing on de bill; Keep your eye on de fish-line; Just

Chorus

nigs bas got to eat or die, Trab-bling down de rib-ber,
 pitch de tents and work no more, Trab-bling slow-ly home-ward
 sit a-round and take your fill; Keep your eye on de fish-line.

CHORUS:

Good-bye, Good-bye, Fare-well to the old camp ground! When the morn-ing mists have
 cleared a-way We'll haul the can-vas down. *§ For Cho. to last verse.*
 Haul the canvas, Haul the canvas down.

4.
 De coffee's bilin' in de pot;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 De taters steaming mighty hot;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 De fish am fryin' in de pan;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 Oh! aint it time dis meal began;
 Make dat coffee blacker!

5.
 Fill up your dish with onions fried;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Stow dem away in your inside;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Oh! take a speckled trout or two;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Dar'll be none left when we get through;
 Peel dem taters thinner!

6.
 De owl done singin' on de twig;
 Haul dat packstrap tightter!
 De tadpoles gettin' mighty big;
 Haul dat packstrap tightter!
 De hoat am waitin' on de shore;
 Haul dat packstrap tightter!
 You'll nebber see dese nigs no more;
 Haul dat packstrap tightter!

WERE OUT ON A TEAR. Camping Song.

Words by JERRY BRITTON
& ROBERT TYSON

We're out on a tear to get fresh air; And keep our liv-ers healthy; We
We range the woods in search of game; But lit-tle do we find; The
Now you who dress in fine ar-ray, And board at big ho-tels; Who

rise ere break-fast ev-'ry morn, To make us wise and wealth-y; We
wil-y deer pricks up his ear, And leaves us far be-hind; And
dine off cbi-na ev-'ry day, And pose as bowl-ing swells; Who

wear old clothes and know no woes Of irk-some civ-il-i-za-tion; We
when we meet a hab-i-tant, He asks us 'who's your hat-ter'; We
ne-ver have an ap-pe-tite That's not pro-duced by bit-ters; Just

car-ry a grease spot on our pants As a mark of e-man-gi-pa-tion.
wash our dish-es in the sand; We're tough, but that's no mat-ter!
gaze on us and gnash your teeth, You mis-er-a-ble crit-ters!

CHORUS:
Then shake, old pard, our palms are hard, Our hands and fac-ea brown; We
don't look gay in our camp ar-ray, But we're dudes when we're in town.

We are indebted to Mr. Jerry Britton and Mr. Robert Tyson for the characteristic and breezy camp songs "We're Out on a Tear" and "Trabbling Down de Ribber." Mr. Britton sent the songs on request with the following delightful letter:—

"I am delighted to bear this echo from my old friend Robert Tyson, from 'whom I have not heard for many moons. It pleases me to know he can still 'find time and pleasure for and in the old camp doggerel. It takes me back to 'many a camp and portage—goes with me through many a rapid. The sun sets 'to it and the flicker of the dying camp-fire and the cry of the loon interrupt its 'rhythm when I wake in the night.

"Not having a very seductive voice myself, I never venture to soar on the 'wings of my own noise, but I'm glad someone can take some pleasure out of the 'sublime sentiments of our old camp songs. Now I feel that Tyson has given 'me credit beyond my due, for that 'Trabbling' song was a joint production of an 'old friend and myself, 'Billy' Pedlar—an old Lindsey boy, now in Vancouver, 'B.C.—a prince of humorists—and whatever fame that song brings should go 'mainly to him. Since the 'Shake, Old Pard' was hatched it has undergone some 'changes which improve it—lift its moral tone, so to speak—so that Tyson may 'claim the undying glory of having collaborated with the distinguished author.

"I notice in the chorus of 'Shake, Old Pard' provision is made for only one 'face' ('Our face and hands are brown'): It seems to me that everybody's phiz 'ought to be included lest there be objections—at meal times.
'I hope that sometime we may foregather—preferably around a camp-fire—'while the coffee gets hotter and blacker.

Very sincerely yours,
"JERRY BRITTON."

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

Tune—"THE MOUSE AND THE FROG."

DR. ARNOLD.

VOICE

1. A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass, As a coe - dar
 2. Oh, how bel - la my pu - el - la, I'll kiss so - cu

PIANO

p

tall and slend - er. Sweet cow - slip's grace is her nom-in - ative
 la se - cu - lo - rum. If I've lock, sir, she's my

case, And she's of the fe - mi - nine gen - - - der.
 ux - or, O es be - ne - dic - to - - - rum!

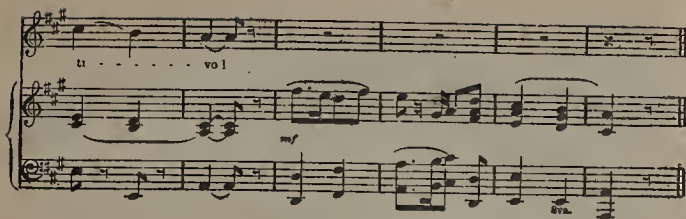
mf

CHORUS.

Bo - rum, Co - rum, sant di - - vo - rum, Ha - rum, sca - rum, di - - vo;
p *f* *p* *f*

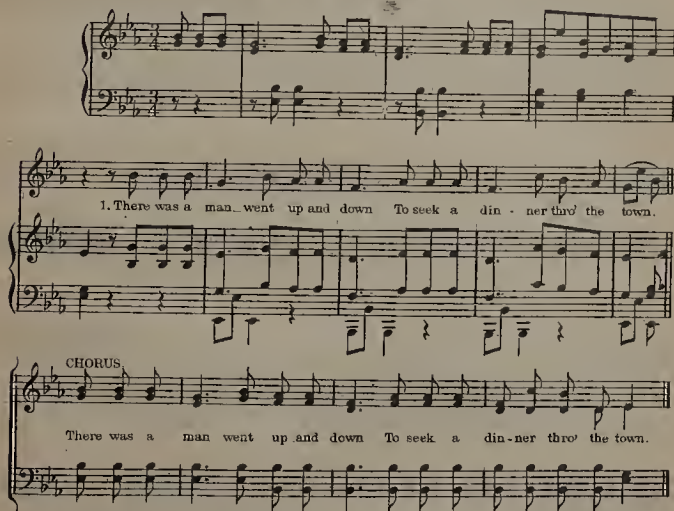
Tag rag, merry derry, per - i - wig and hat - band Hie hoo ho - rum ge - al

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.



THE LONE FISH-BALL

A Harvard Song in 1855.



2. What wretch is he who wife foreakes
Who heat of jam and waffles makee.
3. He feels his cash to know his pence
And finds he has but just six cents.
4. He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.
5. The bill-of-fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.
5. The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-
ball."
7. The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, "One Fish-ball."

8. The waiter roars it through the hall:
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball."
9. The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
10. The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball."

MORAL

11. Who would have bread with his Fish-ball
Must get it first or not at all.
 12. Who would Fish-balls with din'e eat,
Must get some friend to stand the treat.
- (Each stanza is repeated as a chorus).

SPEED AWAY!

Among the superstitions of the Senecas is one which for its singular beauty is somewhat well known. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not unfrequent," says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds set loose at once over one grave."

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a
2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song - ster, the old chief is lone? That he

young heart a - wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - ds thee
sits all the day by his cheerless hearth-stone? That his tom - a - hawk

close, she will ask for the loved Who pine up - on earth since 'tha
lies all un - not - ed the while, And his thin lips breathe e - ver in

"Day Star" has roved, She will ask if we miss her, so long is her
one sad - less smile? That the old chief - tian mourns her, and why will she

f *ritard.* *dim.* *Dal Seg*
stay. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
stay? Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!

3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing?
That she standeth alone in the still quiet night,
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of night
Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay?
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

4. "Go, bird of the silver wing! fetterless now;
Scoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow;
But hie thee away o'er rock, river and glen,
And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again.
Up! onward! let nothing thy mission delay.
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Hawley & Co.

S. C. FOSTER.

1st TENOR.

Air.

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee Rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young.
 3. One lit - tle hut a - moong de bush - es, One dat I lov,

1st BASS.

2nd BASS.

Dere's where my heart is turn - ing eb - ber. Dere's where de old folks stay.
 Den ma - ny hap - py day I aqan - dered, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove,

All up and down de whole ore - a - t'on, Sad - ly I roam.
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
 When shall I see de bees a - hum - ming All round de comb?

FINE.

Still long - ing for de old plant - a - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old rund - der. Dere let me lib and die.
 When shall I hear de ban - jo thram - ming, Down in my good old home?

FINE.

ref. O dar - keys, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.

DAL SEGNO AL FINE.

Ref. All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam,

THE LORELEY.

HEINE, 1843.

SILCHER.

1st & 2nd TENOR.

1. Oh! tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear - ful

1st & 2nd BASS

eye?.... 'Tis mem - o - ry that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone

by..... The fad - ing light grows dim - mer. The Rhine doth calm - ly

flow..... The lof - ty hill - tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow....

2. Above the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
Her shining golden hair:
With comb of gold prepares it,
The task with song beguiled;
A fitful burden bears it—
That melody so wild.
3. The boatman on the river,
Lists to the song, spell-bound;
Oh! what shall him deliver
From danger threat'ning 'round?
The waters deep have caught them,
Both boat and boatman brave;
The Loreley's song hath brought them
Beneath the foaming wave.

THE COLORED FOUR HUNDRED.

Words by H. G. WHEELER.

J. W. WHEELER.
Arr. by THEO. MARTENS.

1. We're beau-i-deals of swell-dom in so-ci-e-ty's 'up-per ten', We're i-dol-ized by
2. We're swains of swell so-ci-e-ty, all im-i-tate our ways, And a-ny fad we

buds and belles, and en-vied by the men; When at a swell re-cep-tion or a
may a-dopt at once be-comes a craze; We ride and drive, we dance and pose to

most ex-clu-sive ball, — We're the cen-tre of at-trac-tion and the lead-ers of them.
catch the fe-male eye, — And as ma-tri-mo-nial pri-zes, don't we set our val-ue

all — We pro-me-nade — the A-ve-nue and Bou-le-varde, And
high! — At ma-ti-nees — we show our-selves on Sa-turdays, And

all the while we tip our hats, and bow and smile; We re - pre -
down the aisle we sing a-long in gal - lant style; We're "in the

sent the el - e - ment they call four hun - dred swells.
swim and out to win; we're col - ored tho - rough - bred.

CHORUS.

1st Tenor.

We are the cream, the de la crème, Of the colored pop-u-

2nd Tenor.

We are the cream, the cream, the de la crème, la crème, We're the cream,

1st & 2nd Basses.

We are the cream, the cream, the de la crème, la crème, We're the cream,

- la - tion, and we are a dan - dy team; As for swells and dar-key

de la crème, a dan dy team; And swells, and as for swells, And

de la crème, a dan - dy team; And swells, and as for swells, And

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

bells, None can beat the mem-bers of the col-ored four hun - dred

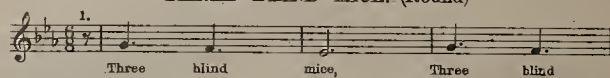
bells and dar-key bells, And none can beat the col-ored four hun - dred.

bells and dar-key bells, And none can beat the col-ored four, col-ored four hun-dred.

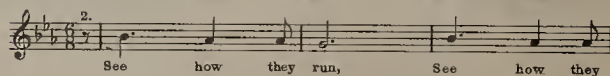
The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves. The piano part includes some dynamic markings like *ff* and *sf*.



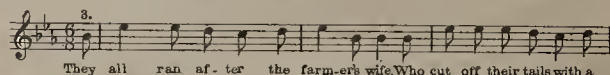
THREE BLIND MICE. (Round)



Three blind mice, Three blind



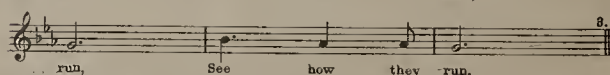
See how they run, See how they



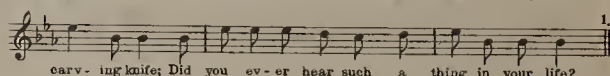
They all ran af-ter the farm-er's wife, Who cut off their tails with a



mice, Three blind mice,



run, See how they run.

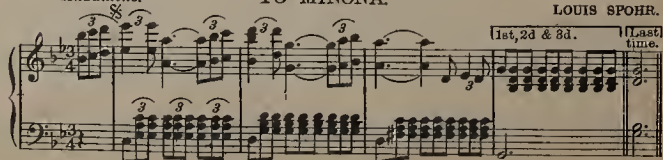


carv-ing knife; Did you ev-er hear such a thing in your life?

Andantino.

TO MINONA.

LOUIS SPOHR.



The British Grenadiers

18th Century
Arranged by HANS DRESSL

Con spirito.

Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu -
les, Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as
these; But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -
pare, With a tow row row row row row row, To the Brit - ish Grena - diers

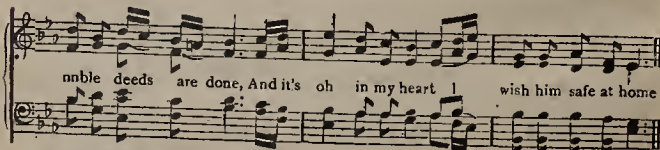
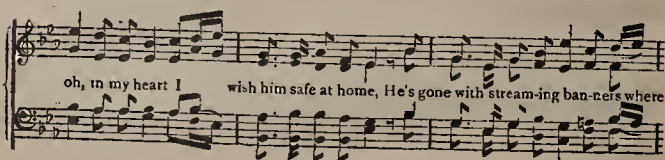
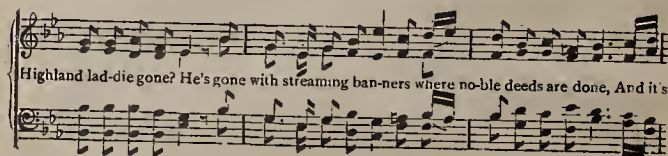
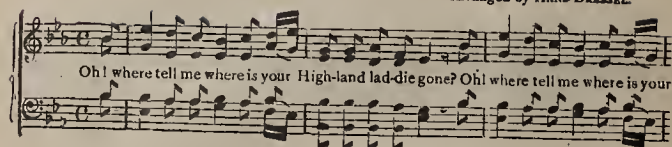
The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, marked 'Con spirito'. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with the tempo marking. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The melody is characterized by frequent sixteenth-note runs. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth-note patterns.

When'er we are commanded,
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses,
And we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis,
About the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row,
The British Grenadiers,

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the loupéd clothes;
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Arranged by HANS DRESSER.



Oh! where tell me where did your Highland
laddie dwell?

Oh! where tell me where did your Highland
laddie dwell?

He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms
the sweet blue bell.

And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.

He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland
laddie wear?

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland
laddie wear?

A bonnet with a lofty plume, and' on his
breast a plaid.

And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland
lad. A honnet with a lofty plume, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?

Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,

For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

Oh, no! true love will be his guard, etc.

SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP!

SERENADE.

Large.

H. R. BLISS OP. 1780-1855.

TRUMPETS *pp*
SABRES *pp*

Sleep, la - dy, sleep!..... The sum - mer night doth fall, With

stream - - ing o'er all;.... *express.* *pp*
all-ver moon-light soft - - ly stream - - - ing;.... Thenight breezesighs through *pp*

dolce droop the drow - sy flow'rs.
all the hap - py hours, Be - neath thy case - ment droop..... the drow - ay flow'rs.

Allagretto moderato

p
Sleep, and may dreams of sweet do - - light vi - - sit thee,

love, this sum - - mer night. Sleep, la - dy, sleep! and

cresc. *dim.*
may no sor - - row Come nigh thee e - - ver on a - - ny

SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP.

mor - row, Come nigh thee, lov'd one, ev - - - er.
Come nigh thee ev - - - er.

pp
Sleep, and may dreams of sweet de - - light vi - - sit thee,

Good night, good
love, this sum - - mer night..... Good night.....
night. Good night, good
night,

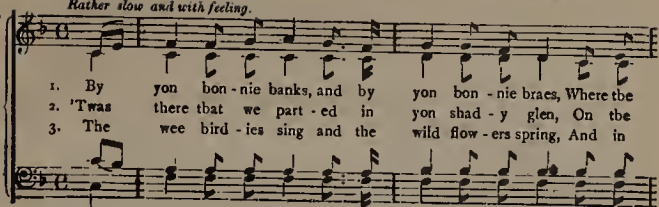
cresc. f
..... good night, good night, good night. Sleep on with dreams of
cresc. f

dim.
sweet de - - light. Good night, good night, good night, good
night, good night, good night, good night.....
ppp

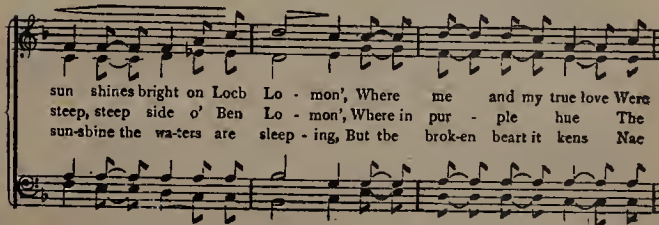
Loch Lomond.

TRADITIONAL SCOTCH MELODY.
Arranged by W. E. F.

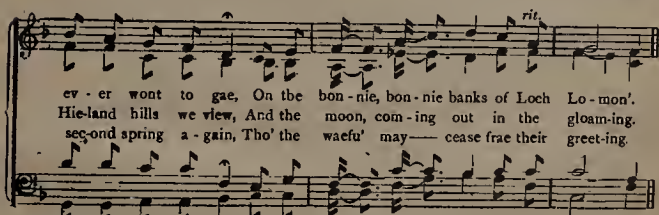
Rather slow and with feeling.



1. By yon bon-nie banks, and by yon bon-nie bras, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon shad-y glen, On the
3. The wee bird-ies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in

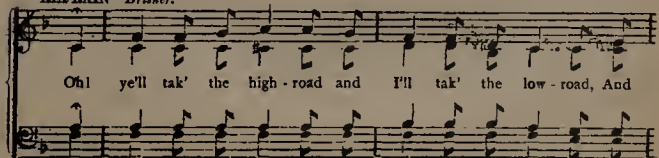


sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where me and my true love Were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon', Where in pur-ple hue The
sun-abine the wa-ters are sleep-ing, But the brok-en heart it kens Nae

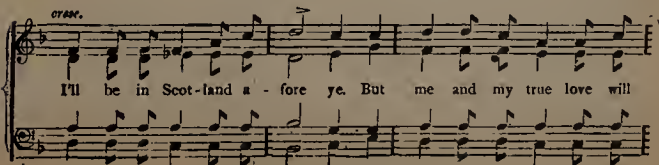


ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon'.
Hie-land hills we view, And the moon, com-ing out in the gloam-ing,
se-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the waefu' may—cease frae their greet-ing.

REFRAIN *Brisker.*



O! ye'll tak' the high-road and I'll tak' the low-road, And



I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye. But me and my true love will

LOCH LOMOND.

ne-ver meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mon!

Words adapted from the
Icelandic of Páll Jónsson by
Rev C. Venn Pilcher.

VESPER HYMN

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES
1917

On the wings of light de - clin - ing,
Let Thy light, which fail - eth ne - ver;

Sinks the west - 'ring sun to sleep;
Round me shine, though day de - part;

Lord, Thine eyes in dark or shin - ing
And, though night pre - vail - eth, ev - er,

vig - il keep. flood my heart. A - - men.

ALTERNATIVE SETTING

As we leave Thy house, O Father,
Hear in Heaven our vesper prayer;
Keep our loved ones, gentle Saviour,
In Thy care.

—T. H. Lister,

Shades of Evening.

Words by F. H. BAYLEY.

C. S. WHITMORE.
arranged by HANS DRESSEL.

Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a-while

Morn, a - las! will not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis-tant Isle;

Still my fan - cy can dis - co - ver Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;

Dark - er shadows round us ho-ver, Isle of beau - ty fare-thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly—fare-thee-well!

When the waves around us breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty, fare-thee-well.

Hark! Hark! the Lark.

Words by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Music by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Allegretto.
Hark! Hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a -

- rise, His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On cha - lic'd flow'rs that

lies, On cha - lic'd flow'rs that lies. And winking Ma - ry

- buds be - gin To ope the gold - en eyes; With ev - 'ry - thing that

pret - ty bin; My la - dy sweet a - rise, With ev'rything that

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

cres. *decres.*

pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -

cres. *decres.*

- rise, My La - dy sweet a - rise, a - rise, a

- rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

A Jolly Good Laugh.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.
Harmonized for Male Voices by W. E. F.

1st & 2nd Tenor

Vivace

1 O, I love, O I love a good laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful thing is a
2 So I love, So I love a good laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful cure is a

1st & 2nd Bass

laugh, ha! ha! Why its bet-ter than all the tears, That a bo-dy could shed for
laugh, ha! ha! Why there's laughter in ev'-ry thing, In the ri-vers, and hirds that

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

1. A charm for
 years; And there's nothing so good is a laugh.
 sing; And there's nothing so good as a laugh.

2. Don't be

1. Its a charm for the dark - est
 2. Don't be mon - dy and grow so

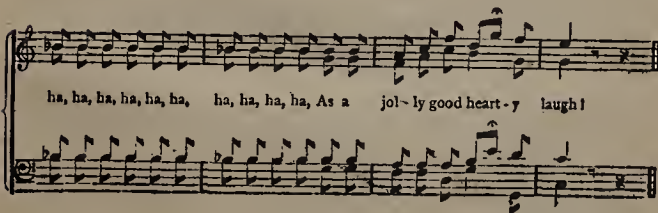
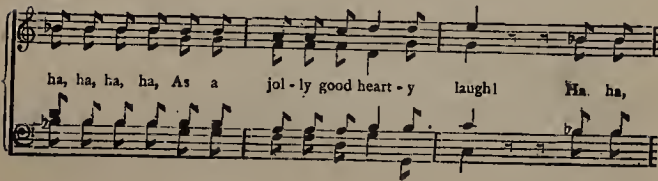
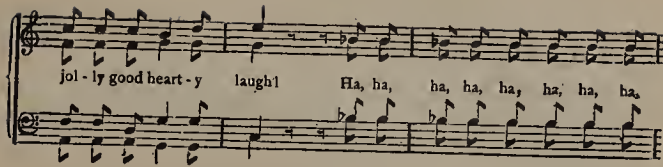
2. Don't be

ills, it light - ens hills,
 moo - dy, hal hal
 ills, hal hal And it light - ens the doc - tors hills hal hal Why, its
 thin, hal hal If you ne'er tried a laugh he - gin, So
 moo - dy Try a laugh,

food, and it's sun, and it's air, hal hal And it drives to the wall old
 laugh and you'll soon con - fess, hal hal That your shad - ow will not grow

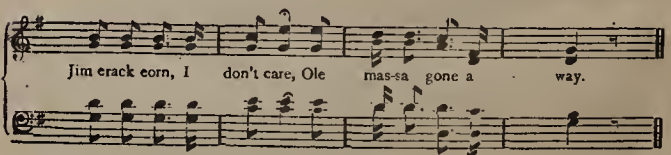
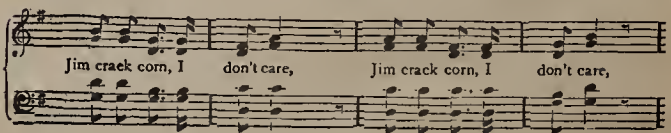
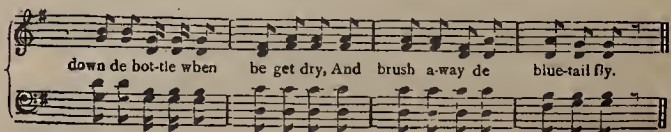
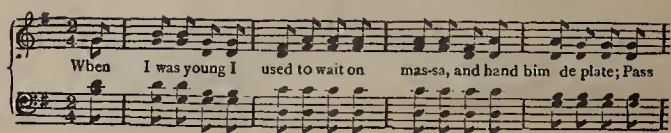
care, hal hal O, there's noth - ing so good by half, As a
 less, hal hal O, there's noth - ing so good by half,

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.



Jim Crack Corn.

Plantation Song
Arranged by HANS DRESSER.



3. An' when he ride in de artemoon,
I follow wid a bickory broom;
De poney being berry shy,
When bitten by de blue-tail fly.
Jim crack corn, &c.

3. One day he rode around de farm,
De flies so numerous dey did swarm;
One chance to bite him on the thigh,
De debble take dat blue-tail fly.
Jim crack corn, &c.

4. De poney run, he jump an' pitch,
An' tumble massa in de ditch;
He died, an' de jury wonder'd why,
De verdie was de blue-tail fly.
Jim crack corn, &c.

5. Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph am dar to see:
"Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,
All by de means oh de blue-tail fly."
Jim crack corn, &c.

If the Waters Could Speak.

Words and music by CHARLES GRAHAM,
Arranged for mixed voices by W. E. F.

Moderato
mf

1. If the wa - ters could speak as they flow a - long, To the
2. If the wa - ters could speak as they flow a - long, Of

depths of the might-y sea, What sor-row and
scenes in the a - ges past, Or tell of the

tears and laugh-ter and song Would its pent— up bo - som
great and might - y throng That shall wake at the trum - pet's

A little quicker

free..... Tales of ma - ny a shat - ter'd life, And
blast Un-writ-ten lore of love and war, That the

IF THE WATERS COULD SPEAK.

rit *a tempo*

once gold - en hopes laid low..... Would min - gle with
world will ne - ver know..... Would come be .

If the

those of ca - reers more bright, If the wa - ters could speak as they
fore us from days of yore, If the wa - ters could speak as they

flow..... Would min - gle with those of ca - reers more
flow..... Would come be - fore us from days of

poco rit.

bright, If the wa - ters could speak as they flow.....
yore, If the wa - ters could speak as they flow.....

IF THE WATERS COULD SPEAK.

REFRAIN.

low..... *cresc. f* *laid*

Stor-ies of laugh-ter and tears..... And once gol-den hopes laid

low..... *cresc. f*

low hopes laid low Would min-gle with those of bright-er ca-

cresc. f

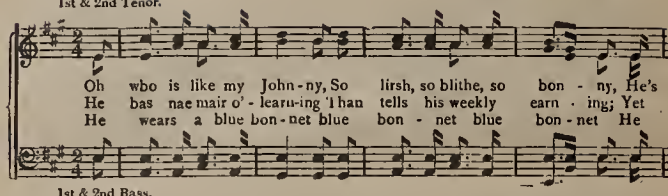
pp *poco rall.* *flow.....*

reers, If the wa-ters could speak as they flow, as they flow.

pp *poco rall.* *flow.....*

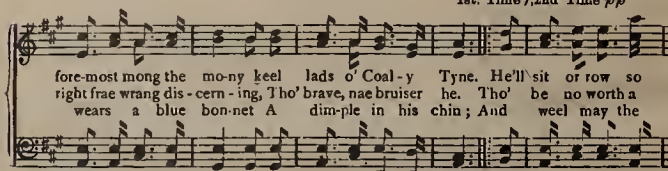


Weel may the keel row.

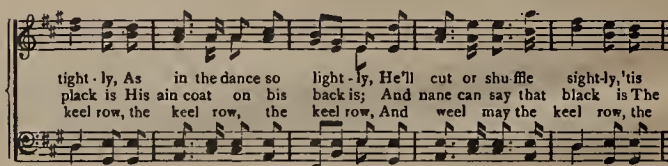
BORDER SONG
arranged by HANS DRESSEL.Allegretto
1st & 2nd Tenor.


Oh who is like my John-ny, So lirsh, so blithe, so bon - ny, He's
He bas nae mair o' - learu-ing 't han tells his weekly earn - ing; Yet
He wears a blue bon-net blue bon - net blue bon-net He

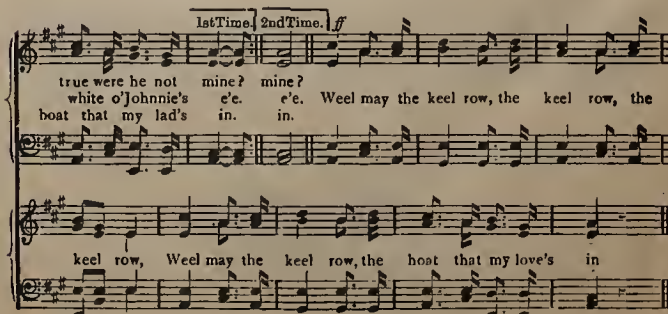
1st & 2nd Bass.

1st. Time *f*; 2nd Time *pp*


fore-most mong the mo-ny keel lads o' Coal-y Tyne. He'll sit or row so
right frae wrang dis-cern-ing, Tho' brave, nae bruiser he. Tho' be no worth a
wears a blue bon-net A dimple in his chin; And weel may the



tight-ly, As in the dance so light-ly, He'll cut or shuffle sight-ly, 'tis
plack is His ain coat on bis back is; And nane can say that black is The
keel row, the keel row, the keel row, And weel may the keel row, the



1st Time 2nd Time *ff*
true were he not mine? mine?
white o' Johnnie's e'e. e'e. Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the
boat that my lad's in. in.
keel row, Weel may the keel row, the boat that my love's in

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

Andantino

Arranged by HANS DRESSER.

Tenor
Baritone

Bass

Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms Which I
It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy

gaze on so fond-ly to - day, Were to change hy to-mor-row, and
cheeks un-pro-fan'd by a tear, That the fer-vour and faith of a

fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gifts fa-ding a - way, Thon would'st
soul can be known, To which time will put make thee more dear; No, the

still be a - dor'd as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness fade as it
heart that has tru-ly lov'd nev-er for-gets, But as tru-ly loves on to the

will, And a - - - round the dear ru - in each
close, As the sun - flow - er turns on her

wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver-dant-ly still.
god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose

A CATASTROPHE.

MALE VOICES.

Words by CHAS. M. SHELDON.
Allegro vivace.

Music by M. D. SPRAGUE.

1st Tenor. *1st time — f*

2nd Tenor.

1st Bass.

2nd Bass.

There was a tack, There was a tack,
There was a boy, There was a boy,

ritard. a tempo. Repeat pp

There was a boy, There was a tack, There was a teach-er new.
There was a boy, There was a tack, There was a teach-er new.

The tack sat down up - on its head,
The tack sat down up - on its head,
The tack sat down up - on its head, The

The tack sat down up - on its head,
 The tack sat down up - on its head,
 tack sat down up - on its head, The
accol.

molto ritard.
 The tack sat down up - on its head,
 The tack sat down up - on its head
molto ritard.
 tack sat down up - on its head, The
ron do.

p rit.
 The teach-er sat down too.
 The teach-er sat down too.
p rit.
 tack sat down up - on its head, The teach-er sat down too,
very slow.

a tempo.

and seized that boy, Then

Then up he rose,

and seized that boy,

a tempo
Then up he rose,

a tempo, pp

up he rose, Who

and seized that boy,

rit.

rit.

a tempo, pp

Then up he rose, Who

and seized that boy,

cres.

shook in ev-'ry joint, Who shook in ev-'ry joint; Then

cres.

shook in ev-'ry joint, Who shook in ev-'ry joint; Then

up he rose, and seized that boy, Who shook in ev-'ry joint.

up he rose, and seized that boy, Who shook in ev-'ry joint.

(The boy.) I on-ly meant it for a joke; I on-ly meant it for a joke;

rit. *adagio.* *ppp* **FINE.**
I on-ly meant it for a joke. the point!
the point! **FINE.**
rit. *ppp*
I on-ly meant it for a joke. I failed to see the point! the point!
(THE TEACHER.)

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

Words by GEORGE W. JOHNSON

Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD

Arr. by Carrie B. Adams.

pp

Hm Hm

AIR. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To
 A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the
 They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My

Hm Hm

Hm Hm

watch the scene be - low; The creek, and the creek - ing old
 young and the gay and the best In pol - ished white man - sions of
 steps are less spright - ly than then; My face is a well writ - ten

Hm Hm

AIR.
 The green grove is gone from the
 Is built where the birds used to
 They say we are ag - ed and

mill, Mag-gie, As we used to, long a - go;
 stones, Mag-gie, Have each found a place of rest, Hm
 page, Mag-gie, But time a - lone was the pen;

bill, Mag-gie, Where first the dais - ies sprung,
 play, Mag-gie, And join in the song that was sung, Hm
 gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white break - ers flung,

Hm

The
 For we
 But to

Arrangement by permission of Lorenz Publishing Co. from "In Lighter Vein."

Hum

creak - ing old mill is still, Mag - gie, Since you and I were young.
 sang as gay as they, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.
 me you're as fair as you were, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.

p

REFRAIN.

AIR.

But now we are ag - ed and gray, Mag - gie, The

But now we are ag - ed and gray, Mag - gie, The

tri - als of life near - ly done; Let us

tri - als of life near - ly done; Let us

Con forza.

sing of the days that are gone, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.

sing of the days that are gone, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.

pp

Old Black Joe.

Arranged for male voices
by THEO. MARTENS.

Poco Adagio.
1st. 2nd. Tenor

1. are the days, (Humming) young and gay
2. should I weep, feel no pain

1st. Bass

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.....
2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain

2nd. Bass

1. are the days (Humming) young and gay
2. should I weep feel no pain

cot - ton fields a-way
friends come not a - gain

are my friends cot - ton fields, from the cot-ton fields a -
do I sigh friends not come, that my friends come not a -

Gone are my friends..... from the cot - ton fields a-way.....
Why do I sigh..... that my friends come not a-gain.....

are my friends cot - ton fields a.....
do I sigh friends not come a.....

(Humming)

way, from the earth (Humming) land I know, I
gain, grieve for forms long a - go? I

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know,
Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go?

way from the earth (Humming) land I know
gain grieve for forms long a - go?

OLD BLACK JOE.

Air
 hear their gent - le voi - ces call - ing "Old black Joe,"
 hear their gent - le voi - ces call - ing

Air
 (Humming) call - ing "Old black Joe."
 (Humming) call - ing

Chorus to be sung behind the scenes (see B)
 or in an adjacent room.

yes com-ing is bend-ing low

I'm com-ing For my head is bend-ing low; I

"Old black Joe"

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing

B If two choruses cannot be had then the 1st Tenor must sing the upper notes of the *invisible* chorus and in that case the 2nd Tenor sing the upper notes of the original chorus and all sing the last measure of the invisible chorus.

OLD BLACK JOE.

are the hearts (Humming) and so free

3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free..... The
are the heart (Humming) and so free

yes so dear held on my knee, that I held up-on my
chil-dren so dear that I held up-on my knee,
yes so dear held oo my koe oo my
(Humming)

koe to the shore (Humming) long'd to go, I Air
gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go
knee to the shore (Humming) long'd to go
(Humming)

hear thier gent - le voices call - ing "Old black Joe." Repeat Chorus
(Humming) call - ing Old black Joe.
(Humming) call - ing

The low-backed Car.

Arranged by HANS DRESSEL.

Tenor & Baritone

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a market day, A
 2. In hat-tle's wild com-mo-tion The proud and might-y Mars, With

Bass

low backed car she drove, and sat Up- on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
 hos-tile scythes, de-mands his tithes Of death in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful

bloom-ing grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring No flow'r was there that could compare With the
 god-dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the market town, As

bloom-ing girl I sing, As she sat in the low-backed car, The man at the turn-pike
 right and left they fly While she sits in the low-backed car, Than bat-tles more dang-erous

bar Nev-er asked for the toll But just rubbed his old poll, And looked af-ter the low-back'd car.
 far, For the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-backed car.

Sweet Genevieve.

H. TUCKER

Arranged by HANS DRESSER

Andante moderato.
Tenor

Baritone *p*
 O Gen-e-vieve I'd give the world to live a-gain the lovely past! The
 Fair Gen-e-vieve, My ear-ly love, The years hut make thee dear-er far; My

Bass

rose of youth was dew-im-pearl'd; But now it with-ers in the blast. I
 heart shall never never rove; Thou art my on-ly guid-ing star. For

see thy face in ev-'ry dream, My wak-ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
 are the past has no re-gret What-e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in th- star-ry beam That falls a-long the sum-mer sea.— O,
 bless the hoor when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee! O,

Gen-e-vieve, sweet Gen-e-vieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

still the hands of mem'-ry weave The bliss-ful dreams of loog a-go.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words & Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Solo.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mea-dow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dar-key may

gay, The corn - tops ripe and the mea-dow in the bloom, While the
 shore, They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon On the
 go, A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the

birds make mu-sic all the day, The young folks roll on the
 bench by the old cab-in door, The day goes by like a
 fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to

lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n
 sha-dow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light, The
 tote the heav-y load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A

by Hard Times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.
time has come when the dar-kees have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.
few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.

CHORUS.

pp
Weep no more my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day, We will
pp AIR.

AIR.

sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, for the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

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